

NAVAHO TALES

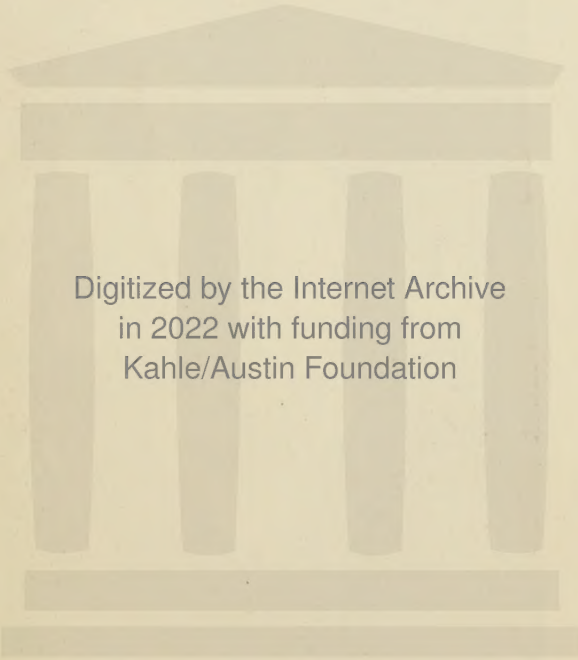
RETOLD BY
WILLIAM WHITMAN 3rd







NAVAHO TALES



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THE ARROW SNAKES BORE THE NAVAHO SWIFTLY UPWARD
THROUGH A HOLE IN THE SKY (page 200)

NAVAHO TALES

Retold by
WILLIAM WHITMAN 3RD

With Illustrations by
JOHN P. HEINS



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TO
M. W. W.
AND
M. L. W.

PREFACE

THE Navaho Indians inhabit the dry plains and mountains of New Mexico and Arizona. Here they live in crude huts, or hogans, tending their flocks and farms, weaving rugs, and working their pottery and silver. In the old days, when they were wanderers without books or writing-materials, all their traditions were handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another. These old legends were retold by medicine men during elaborate ceremonies which are a part of the Navaho religion.

Like most primitive people the Navahoes tried to explain life in terms of their own existence. They believed that there were many worlds one above the other, and that First Man and First Woman were made by gods from ears of corn. They created many gods of varying powers, and their legends

are full of demigods, giants, and wizards, partly human and partly godlike in their ability to do good or evil.

All the stories in this book were originally translated from the Navaho by Dr. Washington Matthews in *Navaho Legends*, published by the American Folk-Lore Society some years ago. These picturesque legends I have retold for boys and girls with the kind permission of the American Folk-Lore Society, keeping them as close to the original translation by Dr. Matthews as his material would permit. Colorful, simple, and full of action, they are particularly suitable for children, and are comparable in imagery and dignity to the best of the Old World mythology.

W. W. 3RD

May, 1925

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THE FIVE WORLDS



NAVAHO TALES



THE FIVE WORLDS

FIRST MAN AND FIRST WOMAN

TWELVE peoples lived in the First World: the Dark Ants, the Red Ants, the Dragon Flies, the Yellow Beetles, the Hard Beetles, the Stone Carrier Beetles, the Black Beetles, the Coyote Beetles, the Bats, the White-Faced Beetles, the Locusts, and the White Locusts. All these lived there.

Water flowed from the First World in three directions, one stream to the east, another to the south, and another to the west, and there were houses along these streams. There were also oceans to the east, the south, the west, and the north. Water Monster was chief of the people in the east; Blue Heron in the south; Frog in the west, and White Mountain Thunder in the north.

The people in the First World quarreled among themselves, and behaved so wickedly that neither Water Monster, nor Blue Heron, nor Frog, nor White Mountain Thunder would speak to them. Four times they quarreled and after the fourth time something white appeared in the distance. It looked like a chain of mountains stretching around them without a break. It was water. Water not to be passed or surmounted, flowed all around them. Suddenly the people started.

They went in circles upward till they reached the smooth, hard surface of the sky. When they looked down there was nothing but water. While they were flying helplessly about, a blue head was thrust from the sky which called out to them, saying, 'Here, to the eastward, there is a hole.' They found the hole and went through it up to the surface of the Second World.

The blue head belonged to one of the Swallow People who lived there. A great

many of their houses, rough and lumpy, lay scattered all around. Each tapered toward the top where there was a hole for entrance. The Swallow People approached and gathered about the strangers, but they said nothing.

The First World was red; the Second World, into which they had come, was blue. They sent out two couriers from their number, Locust and White Locust, to explore the land, and see if there were any people in it like themselves.

At the end of two days the couriers returned and said that in one day's travel they had reached the end of the world — the top of a great cliff which rose from an abyss whose bottom they could not see. Then the couriers were dispatched in other directions, but they could discover nothing. The people had ascended into the middle of a vast, barren plain.

After Locust and White Locust had returned, the Swallows visited the camp of the

newly arrived people, and asked them why they had sent out couriers. When they had been told, they said, 'Had you asked us in the beginning what the land contained, we could have told you. Until you came, no one has ever lived here but ourselves.'

The visitors then said to the Swallows, 'You are much like us. You understand our language; you have legs, feet, bodies, heads, and wings like ours. Why cannot we be friends?'

'Let it be as you wish,' said the Swallows.

They all lived together pleasantly for twenty-three days, but on the twenty-fourth the visitors quarreled with the Swallows.

'This is our land,' said the Swallows, 'and we will have you here no longer. Besides, this is a bad land. People are dying here every day, and even if we spare you, you cannot live long in such a place.'

The Locusts took the lead on hearing this, and soared upwards, the others following.

When they reached the sky they found it as in the First World, smooth and hard, with no opening. While they were circling round under it, they saw a white face peering out at them. It was the face of Niltsi, the Wind. He called to them and told them that if they would fly south they would find a hole through which to pass. Off they flew, and soon discovered a slit in the sky which slanted upwards toward the south. Through this slit they flew and entered the Third World.

The color of the Third World was yellow. Here they found the Grasshopper People who gathered about the wanderers in great numbers, but said nothing. These people lived in holes along the banks of a great river which flowed through their land to the east. Again the visitors sent out couriers who returned only to report that they had found a barren land with no people in it save the Grasshoppers. The strangers then spoke to the Grasshoppers as they had spoken to

the Swallows, and begged that they might join them and become one people with them.

As before, all went well for twenty-three days, but on the twenty-fourth the strangers wronged the Grasshopper People and quarreled with them.

‘For such crimes,’ said the Grasshopper chief, ‘I suppose you were chased from the world below. You shall drink no more of our water. You shall breathe no more of our air. Begone!’

Up they all flew again, and circled round and round until they came to the sky above them. They looked in vain for an entrance until a red head appeared, and they heard a voice telling them to fly west. It was the head of Red Wind they saw, and it was Red Wind who spoke.

The passage they found in the west was twisted like the tendril of a vine, for thus Red Wind had made it. They flew in circles up through it, and so came out into the Fourth World. This time four Grasshoppers

came with them, one white, one blue, one yellow, and one black. We have grasshoppers of those four colors with us to-day.

When they arrived on the surface of the Fourth World, the color of which was mixed black and white, they saw no living thing; but they observed four great snow-covered peaks on the horizon — one to the east, one to the south, one to the west, and one to the north.

They sent out couriers as usual, and these reported that they had found the land barren until they flew north. There, they said, they found a strange race of men, who cut their hair square in front, who lived in houses in the ground, and cultivated fields. These people, who were gathering in their harvests, treated them very kindly and gave them food to eat. It was now evident to the wanderers that the Fourth World was larger than any of the worlds below.

The day following the return of the couriers from the north, two of the newly dis-

covered race, Pueblo People they were called, entered the camp of the exiles and guided them to their own homes, where they fed them corn and pumpkins, and took them in to live.

After the visitors had been there for some time, the four Gods of the Fourth World, White Body, Blue Body, Yellow Body, and Black Body, came to see them. They brought with them two sacred buckskins and two ears of corn, one white and one yellow. Having laid one buckskin on the ground, with its head to the west, they placed upon it the two ears of corn, and over all they spread the other buckskin with its head to the east. Under the white ear they placed the feather of a white eagle, and under the yellow ear they placed the feather of a yellow eagle. Then they told the people to stand back and allow the wind to enter.

When they removed the upper robe of buckskin, the ears of corn had disappeared, and a man and a woman lay in their

stead. The white ear of corn had been changed into a man, and the yellow ear into a woman.

That is how First Man and First Woman were created. It was the wind that gave them life; it is the wind that comes out of our mouths now that gives us life. In the tips of our fingers we can see the trail of the wind; it shows us where the wind blew when our ancestors were created.

Then the Gods ordered the people to build a brushwood enclosure for First Man and First Woman. Here they lived, and here First Woman bore many children who married among the Pueblo People, and their children increased and multiplied in the land.

THE GREAT FLOOD

THE people had been in the Fourth World for eight years when one day they saw the sky stoop down and the earth rise up to meet it. For a moment these touched, and

there sprang out from that place Coyote and Badger, children of the sky. At once Coyote came over to the camp and skulked about, while Badger went down into the hole that led to the lower world.

At this time First Man was chief over every one except the Pueblo People. He was a great hunter, and his wife, First Woman, was very fat. One day he and his wife had a great quarrel as to whether the women could live without their husbands. First Man, in anger, called all the men together, and ordered them to leave their wives behind and follow him across the great river, which divided the Fourth World.

They crossed on a raft, taking with them their stone axes and farm implements, and everything that they had made, and left to the women everything that the latter had helped to raise or make. Some of the young men cried on parting with their wives, but went at the bidding of their chief. Many of

the Pueblo People also went with them, but these brought their women.

For four years they lived apart, and at the end of this time First Man began to think over the effect of the separation. Some had said to him, 'Surely our race will perish.' And others had said, 'We think so much about our poor women starving that we cannot eat.' For by this time the women were without food.

Each year the fields and crops of the men had increased, while those of the women had grown smaller. So First Man called across the river to First Woman, and bade her come to the bank. Then he asked her if she still thought that the women could live without the men.

'No,' she replied. 'We cannot live without our husbands.'

The women were told to assemble on the bank, a raft was sent over, and they were ferried across.

After night had fallen, voices were heard

calling from the other side of the river; they were the voices of three who had been left behind — a mother and two daughters. They begged to be ferried over, but the men told them that it was too dark, and that they would have to wait until morning.

Upon hearing this the women jumped into the river and tried to swim. The mother succeeded in reaching the opposite bank and finding her husband, but the daughters were seized by Water Ox and dragged down under the water.

For three nights and three days the people heard nothing about the young women, and supposed them to be lost forever. On the morning of the fourth day the call of the Gods was heard four times, and after the fourth call, White Body appeared holding up two fingers and pointing to the river. Then he went away but soon returned with Blue Body.

White Body carried a large bowl of white shell, and Blue Body a large bowl of blue

shell. Telling the father and mother of the children to accompany them, they went down to the river, placed both the bowls on the surface of the water, and spun them round. Beneath the spinning bowls the water opened, and showed the entrance to a large house of four rooms.

The man and the woman descended, and Coyote followed them. They went into all the rooms, one after the other, until they came to the one in the north and beheld Water Ox with the two girls he had stolen, and two of his own children. The man and the woman demanded their children, and when he said nothing in reply, they took them and walked away.

As they went out, Coyote, unperceived by any one, seized the two children of Water Ox, and carried them off under his robe. Coyote always wore his robe folded close about him, and even slept in it, so that no one was surprised to see that he held it close when he came up out of the water, or sus-

pected that he had stolen the children of Water Ox.

Next day the people were astonished to see Deer, Turkey, and Antelope running past from east to west. Two kinds of Hawks, two kinds of Squirrels, the Humming-Bird and the Bat, came into the camp as if for refuge. During the three following days, animals ran past in increasing numbers, and on the morning of the fourth day, the people observed in the east a strange white gleam along the horizon.

They sent out the Locust couriers to see what this might be, and these returned before sunset, saying that a vast flood of water was rapidly approaching from the east. Upon hearing this every one assembled, the Pueblo People with the others, and wept and wailed over the approaching catastrophe. They wept and moaned all night, and could not sleep.

When the white light rose in the east next morning, the waters were as high as moun-

tains, encircling the whole horizon and rolling rapidly toward them. The people packed up all their goods as fast as they could, and ran up to the top of a high hill near by for temporary safety. Here they held a council. Some one suggested that perhaps the squirrels might be able to help them.

‘We will try,’ said the Squirrels.

One planted a piñon seed, the other a juniper seed, and these grew so fast that the people began to hope that the tops would be out of reach of the flood, and all could take shelter there. But after the trees grew a little way, they branched out and grew no higher.

Then the frightened people called on the Weasels. One of them planted a spruce seed, and one a pine seed. These sprouted at once and grew so fast that once more the people began to hope; but soon the trees commenced to branch, and they dwindled to slender points at the top, and ceased to grow higher.

The people were in utter despair, for the waters were rolling nearer and nearer every moment, when all at once two men approached the hill on which they were gathered. One of the men was old and gray-haired; the other was young, and walked in advance. They ascended the hill and passed through the crowd, speaking to no one.

The young man sat down on the top of the hill, the old man sat behind him, and Locust sat down behind the old man, all facing to the east. The old man took seven bags from under his robe and opened them. Each contained a small quantity of earth. He told the people that in these bags he had earth from the Seven Sacred Mountains of the Fourth World.

‘Ah!’ cried the people. ‘Perhaps our father can do something to save us.’

‘I cannot,’ answered the old man, ‘but my son may be able to help you.’

They asked the son to help them, and he said that he would if they in their turn

would move away from where he stood, and not look round until he called. They did as he desired, and in a few minutes he bade them come to him. When they came, they saw that he had spread the sacred earth on the ground, and had planted in it thirty-two reeds, each of which had thirty-two joints.

As they watched, the roots of the reeds struck out into the soil and grew rapidly downward. A moment later all the reeds joined together to form one reed of great size with a hole in its eastern side. Through this hole they were commanded to enter, and when they were all safely within, the opening closed. It was none too soon, for scarcely had the entrance closed, when they heard the loud noise of rushing water outside, saying, 'Yin, yin, yin.'

The waters rose fast, but the reed grew faster, and soon grew so high that it began to sway, and the people inside were in great fear lest it should break and topple over into

the water. White Body, Blue Body, and Black Body were with them. Black Body blew a great breath out through a hole in the top of the reed, and a heavy dark cloud formed around the reed and held it steady.

But the reed grew higher and higher; again it began to sway, and again the people inside were terrified, whereat Black Body blew again and made another cloud to steady the reed. By sunset it had grown up close to the sky, but it swayed and waved so much that they could not secure it to the sky until Black Body, who was uppermost, took the plume out of his headband and stuck it through the top of the reed against the sky. That is why the reed to-day always carries a plume upon its head.

Seeing no hole in the sky, they sent up Great Hawk to see what could be done. He flew up and began to scratch in the sky with his claws, and he scratched and scratched until he was lost to sight. After a while he came back and said that he had clawed his

way to where he could see light, but that he did not get through the sky.

Next they sent up Locust. He was gone for a long time, and when he got back he had this story to tell: He had gotten through the sky to the upper world, and had come out on a little island in the center of a lake. There he saw approaching him from the east a Black Grebe, and from the west a Yellow Grebe.

‘We own half of this world,’ one of them said to him. ‘I own the east, and my brother owns the west. We give you a challenge. If you can do as we do, we shall give you one half of the world. If you cannot, you must die.’

They each had an arrow made of black wind, and each passed the arrow from side to side through his heart and threw it down to Locust. The latter picked up one of the arrows, ran it from side to side through his heart, as he had seen the Grebes do, and also flung it down. Then the Grebes swam away and troubled him no more.

When they had gone, two more Grebes appeared, a blue one from the south and a shining one from the north. They spoke to him as the other Grebes had spoken, and gave him the same challenge. Again he passed the arrow through his heart, and the Grebes departed, leaving the land to Locust. To this day we can see the holes made by the arrows in the locusts' sides.

Now the hole Locust made in ascending was too small for many of the people, so they sent Badger up to make it larger. When Badger came back his legs were stained black with the mud, and the legs of all badgers have been black ever since. Then First Man and First Woman led the way, the others following, and climbed up through the hole to the surface of this earth, which is the Fifth World.

THE FIFTH WORLD

THE lake lay all about the island to which the passage from the Fourth World led. It

was bounded by high cliffs from the top of which stretched a great plain. Finding no way to get to the mainland, the people called on Blue Body to help them. He had brought with him from the lower world four stones; he threw one to the east, one to the south, one to the west, and one to the north, against the cliffs, breaking holes through which the waters flowed away in four different directions.

The lake did not altogether drain out by this means, but the bottom became bare in one place, connecting the island with the mainland. The mud, however, was so deep that they still hesitated to cross, and they prayed Niltsi, the Wind, to aid them. Niltsi blew a strong breath, and in one day dried up the mud so that the people could easily walk over. In this way they reached the mainland of the Fifth World.

On the fourth day after the flood, some one went to look at the hole through which they had come, and noticed water welling

up there; already it was nearly level with the top of the hole, and every moment it rose higher. He ran back to the people in haste and told them what he had seen. A council was called at once to consider the new danger that threatened them.

First Man rose to speak, and pointing to Coyote, said, 'There is a rascal. There is something wrong about him. He never takes off his robe, even when he lies down. I have watched him for a long time, and I suspect that he carries stolen property. Let us search him.'

They tore the robe from Coyote's shoulders and two strange little objects dropped out. They looked something like buffalo calves, but were spotted all over in various colors. They were Water Ox's children. At once the people threw them into the hole through which the water was pouring, and in an instant the waters subsided, and rushed away to the lower world with a deafening noise.

The people still had three lights and darkness, as in the lower worlds. But First Man and First Woman thought that they might create some lights which would make the world brighter. After much counsel they planned the sun and the moon. For the sun they made a flat round object, like a dish, out of clear stone. They set turquoises around the edge, and outside of these they put rays of red rain, lightning, and snakes of many kinds. At first they thought of putting four points on it as they afterwards did on the stars, but they changed their minds and made it round.

They made the moon of star rock, and bordered it with white shells, and they put on its face sheet lightning and all kinds of water.

Then they discussed what they should do with the sun, and where they should make it rise first. The wind of the east begged that it might be brought to his land. The people dragged it off to the edge of the world where

he dwelt, and there they gave it to the young man who planted the great reed in the lower world, and appointed him to carry it. To the old gray-haired man, his father, they gave the moon.

These men had no names before, but now the former received the name Tsohanoai, Bearer-of-the-Sun, and the latter the name of Klehanoai, Bearer-of-the-Moon. When they were about to depart, the people were sorry, for they were beloved by all. But First Man said to the sorrowing people, 'Mourn not for them, for every day you will see them in the heavens.'

After a while First Man and First Woman thought that it would be better if the sky had more lights in it, for there were times when the moon did not shine at night. So they collected pieces of sparkling mica to make the stars, and First Man laid out a plan of the heavens on the ground.

He put a small piece of mica in the north where he wished to have a star which would



THEY GAVE THE SUN TO THE YOUNG MAN. TO THE OLD
GRAY-HAIRED MAN, HIS FATHER, THEY GAVE THE MOON

never move, and near it he placed seven great pieces, which are the seven stars we see in the north. He put a bright star in the south, another in the east, and a third in the west, and was about to make other plans, when along came Coyote.

‘These shall be my stars!’ exclaimed Coyote, seeing that three of the pieces were red. ‘I shall place them where I think best,’ and he arranged them in the plan on the ground as they now appear in the heavens.

Before First Man finished the rest of his work, Coyote became impatient.

‘Oh! They will do as they are,’ he said.

He picked up the pieces of mica, threw them upward, and blew a strong breath after them. Instantly they stuck to the sky. Those which First Man had laid in his plan went straight to their proper positions, but the others were scattered here and there in the little groups which we still see.

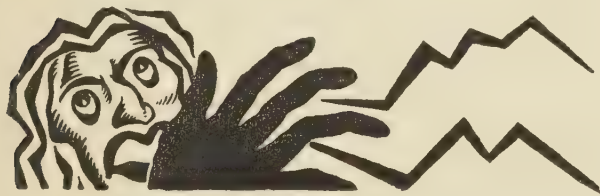
In those days the four mountains which bounded the earth were close together, and

the world was smaller, so that when the Sun went on his first journey he came nearer to the earth than he does now, and it was very hot.

The people were almost burned to death, and they prayed each of the four winds to pull his mountain away from the center of the earth, and thus make the earth larger. The winds did as they asked, and the seas that bounded the land drew back before the mountains.

On the second day, although it was a little cooler, it was still much too hot. Again the winds drew back their mountains, and the seas once more gave way before them. All this happened on the third day, and on the fourth day, the people found the weather pleasant, and prayed no more for the earth to be changed.

THE QUEST OF THE WAR GODS



THE QUEST OF THE WAR GODS

THE BIRTH OF THE WAR GODS

Two children were born to Woman-Who-Becomes-Young and White-Shell-Woman, and two baby baskets were made for the children, both alike. The footrests and back slats were made of sunbeams, the hoods of rainbow, the side-strings of sheet lightning, and the lacing-strings of chain lightning. One child was covered with a black cloud, and the other with a soft sheet of rain. The two Gods who were present at their birth, Talking God and Water Sprinkler, called the children Sinali, or Grandchildren, and left them, promising to return at the end of four days.

Four days later when the Gods returned, the boys had grown to be the size of boys twelve years of age.

‘Boys,’ the Gods said to them, ‘we have come to race with you.’

So it was arranged that they should run round a near-by mountain, and the four started, two boys and two Gods. Before the long race was half done the boys began to tire, and the Gods who were still fresh ran behind whipping them with twigs of mountain mahogany. Talking God won the race, and the two boys went home rubbing their sore backs. When the Gods left they promised to return at the end of another four days.

As soon as they were gone, Niltsi, the Wind, whispered to the boys and told them that the Gods were not really such fast runners, and that if the boys would practice during the next four days they might win the coming race. So for four days they ran many times every day round the mountain.

When the Gods came back again the youths had grown wonderfully, to the size of men. In the second contest, when half way round the mountain, the Gods began to grow weary and fell back. This time the

boys ran behind their elders and whipped them to increase their speed. The elder brother won the race, and when it was over the Gods laughed and clapped their hands, pleased with the courage and ability of their grandchildren.

The night after the race the boys lay down as usual to sleep; but hearing their mothers whispering about them, they stayed awake and listened. Try as they could, they were unable to hear a word of what was said. At length they rose.

‘Mothers,’ they asked, ‘of what do you speak?’

But their mothers answered, ‘we speak of nothing.’

Again they asked, and again they received the same reply. Then the boys asked, ‘Mothers, who are our fathers?’

And their mothers answered, ‘The round cactus and the sitting cactus are your fathers.’

The next day Woman-Who-Becomes-

Young and White-Shell-Woman made bows and arrows of juniper wood.

‘Go and play with these,’ they said. ‘But do not go out of sight, and do not go toward the east.’

But the boys on the first day disobeyed this warning and went toward the east. When they had traveled a good distance they saw an animal with brownish hair and a sharp nose. They drew their arrows and aimed them at the sharp-nosed stranger, but before they could shoot he jumped into a cañon and disappeared. When they returned home they told what they had seen.

‘That is Coyote you saw,’ answered their mothers. ‘He is the spy for the enemy God Teelget.’

On the following day although they were again strictly warned not to go far from the lodge, the boys wandered to the south, and there they saw a great black bird seated on a tree. They drew their arrows, but as they were about to shoot, the bird rose and flew

away. When the boys returned home, they said, 'Mothers, we went south to-day, and saw a great black bird which we tried to shoot.'

'Alas!' said their mothers. 'That was Raven you saw, who is the spy of the Tsenahale, the great winged creatures that devour men.'

On the third day the disobedient boys slipped off unknown to their anxious mothers, and walked a long way to the west. The only living thing they saw was a great dark bird with a red skinny head that had no feathers on it. This bird they also tried to shoot, but before they were able to draw their bows it spread its wings and flew a great way off. Again they returned home, and again told their mothers what they had seen.

'It was Buzzard you saw,' answered their mothers. 'He is the spy for the God who kicks men down the cliffs.'

On the fourth day the boys stole off as

usual and went north. When they had traveled a long way in that direction, they saw a bird of black plumage perched on a tree by the edge of a cañon. It was talking to itself, saying 'a'a'i!' They aimed at it, but it spread wings and tail, and disappeared down the cañon. As it flew the boys noticed that its plumes were edged with white. When they returned home they told their mothers what they had seen.

'Children, children! What shall we do to save you?' cried their mothers. 'He is the spy of the Binaye Ahani who slay people with their eyes. Alas, you would not listen to us, and now the spies of the Enemy Gods in all quarters of the world have seen you. They will tell their chiefs, and soon the monsters will come here to devour you, as they have devoured all before you.'

The next morning the women made a corncake and laid it on the ashes to bake. When White-Shell-Woman went out of the hut, she saw Yeitso, the tallest and fiercest

of the Enemy Gods, approaching. She ran back quickly, gave the warning, and the women hid the boys under bundles and sticks. Yeitso came and sat down at the door, just as the women were taking the cake out of the ashes.

‘The cake is mine,’ said Yeitso. ‘How nice it smells!’

‘No,’ said Woman-Who-Becomes-Young. ‘It was not baked for your great mouth.’

‘Very well,’ said Yeitso. ‘I much prefer to eat boys. I have been told there are some here. Where are they?’

‘There are no boys here,’ answered Woman-Who-Becomes-Young. ‘All the boys that ever lived have died to feed your people long ago.’

‘No boys?’ exclaimed the giant. ‘Then what has made all these tracks about here?’

‘Oh, those tracks I have made for fun,’ replied the woman. ‘I am lonely here, and I make tracks so that I may think that there are many people round me.’

She showed him how she could make marks like them with her fist. Yeitso compared the two tracks, seemed satisfied, and went away.

When he was gone, White-Shell-Woman went to the top of a near-by hill to look round, and she beheld many of the Enemy Gods hastening in the direction of her lodge. She returned speedily, and told her sister what she had seen.

Woman-Who-Becomes-Young took four colored hoops, and threw a white one to the east, a blue one to the south, a yellow one to the west, and a black one to the north. At once a great wind-storm rose, and blew so fiercely in all directions from the lodge that none of the Enemy Gods could come closer.

Next morning the boys got up before day-break and stole away. Their mothers soon missed them, but were not able to trace them in the dark. When it was light enough to see the ground, the women went to look for their tracks. They found four footprints

of each pointing in the direction of Encircled Mountain, but more tracks they could not find. They came to the conclusion that the boys had taken a holy trail, a rainbow path, so they gave up further search and returned to their lodge.

THE JOURNEY TO THE SUN

THE boys traveled the rainbow trail rapidly, and soon after sunrise, near Encircled Mountain, saw smoke rising from the ground. They went to the spot from which the smoke rose, and found that it came from the smoke hole of an underground cavern out of which jutted a ladder black with smoke. Looking down into the cavern they saw an old woman, Spider Woman, who looked up at them and said, 'Welcome, children. Enter. Who are you, and where do you come from?'

The boys made no answer but descended the ladder. When they reached the floor Spider Woman spoke again.

'Where are you two going?'

‘Nowhere in particular,’ they answered. ‘We came here because we had nowhere else to go.’

Spider Woman repeated her question four times, and four times received the same answer. Then she said, ‘Perhaps you are looking for your father.’

‘Yes,’ they answered. ‘If we only knew where he lived.’

‘Ah!’ said Spider Woman. ‘It is a long and dangerous way to the house of your father the Sun. There are many of the Enemy Gods living between here and there, and perhaps when you get there your father may not be glad to see you, and may punish you for coming. You must pass four dangerous places — Rocks-That-Crush, Reeds-That-Cut, Cane-Cactuses-That-Tear, and Boiling Sands. But I shall give you something with which to conquer your enemies and preserve your lives.’

Then she gave them a charm called ‘Feather of the Enemy Gods’ which con-

sisted of a hoop with two life-feathers plucked from a living eagle attached, with another life-feather added to preserve their lives. She taught them also this magic formula, which if repeated to their enemies would subdue their anger: 'Put down your feet with pollen. Put down your hands with pollen. Put down your head with pollen. Then your feet are at peace; your hands are at peace; your body is at peace; your mind is at peace; your voice is at peace. The trail is one of beauty. Be still.'

Soon after leaving the house of Spider Woman the boys came to Rocks-That-Crush. Here there was a narrow chasm between two high cliffs. When a traveler approached, the rocks would open wide, apparently to give him an easy passage and invite him to enter, but as soon as he was within the cleft they would close like clapping hands and crush him to death. These rocks were really Enemy Gods and thought like men.

When the boys came to the rocks they

lifted their feet as though they were about to enter, and the rocks opened wide to let them in; then the boys put down their feet, but withdrew them quickly. The rocks closed with a snap to crush them, but the boys remained safely on the outside. Four times they deceived the rocks in this manner. After the fourth time the rocks said, 'Who are you, where did you come from, and where are you going?'

'We are children of the Sun,' answered the boys, 'and we seek the house of our father.'

Then they repeated the words Spider Woman had taught them, and the rocks said, 'Pass on to the house of your father.' When next they stepped into the chasm the rocks did not close, and they passed safely on.

The boys kept on their way and soon came to a great plain covered with reeds that had leaves on them as sharp as knives. When the boys came to the edge of the plain,

the reeds drew aside, showing a clear passage through. The boys pretended to enter but retreated, and as they did so, the walls of reeds rushed together to kill them. Four times they deceived the reeds. After the fourth time the reeds spoke to them as the rocks had done, and they answered and repeated the sacred words. 'Pass on to the house of your father,' said the reeds, and they passed on in safety.

The next danger they encountered was in the country covered with cane cactuses. These rushed at whoever attempted to pass them, and tore them to pieces with their spines. When the boys came to the cactuses the latter opened their ranks to let them pass, much as the reeds had done. But the boys deceived them as they had deceived the reeds and passed on in safety.

After they had passed the country of the cactus they came in time to Saitad, the land of Boiling Sands. Here was a great desert of sands that rose and whirled and boiled like

water in a pot, and overwhelmed any traveler who ventured among them. 'Who are you?' asked the sands, 'and where do you come from?'

'We are children of the Sun, and we seek the house of our father.'

This they said four times. Then the elder of the boys repeated his sacred formula, and the sands grew quiet, saying, 'Pass on to the house of your father.' And the boys continued their journey over the desert.

Soon after this adventure they came to the house of the Sun. As they approached the door they found the way guarded by two bears which crouched one to the right and one to the left, their noses pointing toward one another. As the boys drew near, the bears rose angrily and acted as if they would attack them, but the elder boy repeated the sacred formula that Spider Woman had taught him, and when he came to the last words, 'Be still,' the bears crouched down and were still.

The boys walked on. After passing the bears they encountered first a pair of sentinel serpents, then a pair of sentinel winds, and last a pair of sentinel lightnings. As the boys advanced, all these guardians made as if they would destroy them, but all were satisfied at the words of prayer.

The house of the Sun was built of turquoise. It was square, and stood on the shore of a great water. When the boys entered they saw sitting in the west a woman, in the south two handsome young men, and in the north two handsome young women. The women glanced at the strangers and then looked down, but the young men gazed at them more closely. Then without speaking the young men rose, wrapped the boys in four coverings of sky, and laid them on a shelf.

They had lain there quietly for some time when a rattle that hung over the door shook, and one of the young women said, 'Our father is coming.' The rattle shook four

times, and soon after it had shaken for the fourth time, Tsohanoai, Bearer-of-the-Sun, entered his house. He took the sun off his back and hung it on a peg in the west wall of the room, where it shook and clanged for some time, going 'tla, tla, tla, tla,' till at last it hung silent.

Then Tsohanoai turned to the older woman and said in an angry voice, 'Who are those two who entered here to-day?'

The woman made no answer and the young people looked at each other, but each feared to speak. Four times he asked this question and at length the woman said: 'Two young men came to-day seeking their father.' And she pointed to the bundle on the shelf.

THE FOUR TESTS

BEARER-OF-THE-SUN took the bundle from the shelf. First he unrolled the robe of dawn with which it was covered, then the robe of blue sky, next the robe of yellow evening

light, and lastly the robe of darkness. When he unrolled this the boys fell out onto the floor.

Tsohanoai immediately seized them and threw them upon great, sharp spikes of white shell that stood in the east, but they bounded back unhurt for they held their life-feathers tightly in their hands. Then he threw them in turn upon spikes of turquoise in the south, upon spikes of mother-of-pearl in the west, and upon spikes of black rock in the north. They came uninjured from all these trials, and Tsohanoai said, 'I wish it were true that they were my children.'

Then he said to the elder children, those who lived with him, 'Go out and prepare the sweat-house and heat for it four of the hardest boulders you can find. Heat a white, a blue, a yellow, and a black boulder.'

When the winds heard this they said, 'He still seeks to injure his children. How shall we avert the danger?'

Niltsi, the Wind, dug a hole in the bank against which the sweat-house was built, and concealed the opening with a flat stone. It then whispered the secret to the boys, and said, 'Do not hide in the hole until you have answered your father's questions.'

The boys went into the sweat-house; great, hot boulders were put in, and the opening covered with four sky blankets. Tsohanoai called out, 'Are you hot?'

And they answered, 'Yes, very hot.'

Then they crept into the hiding-place and lay there. After a while Tsohanoai came and poured water through the top of the sweat-house on the stones, making them burst with a loud noise; and a great heat and steam were raised. Tsohanoai came and again asked, 'Are you hot?' hoping to get no reply, but the boys still answered 'Yes, very hot.'

Then Bearer-of-the-Sun took the coverings off the sweathouse and let them come out. He greeted them in a friendly way and

said, 'Yes, I see that you are my children.' But he was thinking of other ways of proving whether they were or not.

The four sky blankets were spread on the ground one over another, and the four young men were made to sit on them, one behind the other, facing the east.

'My daughters,' said Tsohanoai, 'make these two boys look like my other sons.'

The young women went to the strangers, pulled their hair out long, and moulded their bodies and faces so that they looked just like their brothers. Then Sun bade them all enter the house: they rose and all went in a procession, the two strangers going last.

As they were about to enter the door they heard a voice whispering in their ears, 'St! Look at the ground.'

They looked down and beheld a spiny caterpillar called Wasekede, who spat out two blue spits on the ground. 'Each of you take one of these,' said Niltsi to the brothers, 'and put it into your mouth but do

not swallow it. There is one more trial ahead of you, the trial by smoking.'

When they entered, Tsohanoai took down a pipe of turquoise that hung on the eastern wall and filled it with tobacco. 'This is the tobacco with which he does injury,' whispered Niltsi. Tsohanoai held the pipe up to the sun that hung on the wall, lit it, and gave it to the boys to smoke. They smoked, and passed it to one another until it was finished. They said the tobacco tasted sweet and did them no harm.

When the pipe was smoked out, and Tsohanoai saw that they were not affected by it, he was satisfied and said, 'Now, my children, what do you want from me? Why do you seek me?'

'Oh, Father,' they replied, 'the land where we dwell is filled with Enemy Gods who devour the people. There are Yeitso, and Teelget, and the Tsenahale, the Binaye Ahani and many others. They have eaten nearly all of our kind, and have already

sought our lives; we ran away to escape them. Give us, we beg, weapons with which to slay our enemies. Help us to destroy them.'

'Know,' said Tsohanoai, 'that Yeitso who dwells at Tongue Mountain is also my son, yet I will help you to kill him. I shall hurl the first thunder-bolt at him, and I shall give you these things that will help you in war.'

He took from pegs where they hung around the room and gave to each, a hat, a shirt, leggings, and moccasins, all made of metal; a chain-lightning arrow, a sheet-lightning arrow, a sunbeam arrow, a rainbow arrow, and a great stone knife.

'These are what we want,' said the boys.

They put on the clothes of metal, and streaks of lightning shot from every joint.

Next morning Tsohanoai led them out to the edge of the world, where the sky and the earth came close together, and beyond which there was no world. Here sixteen

poles leaned from the earth to the sky; four of these were of white shell, four of turquoise, four of mother-of-pearl, and four of red stone. A deep stream flowed between them and the poles.

As they approached the stream, Niltsi, the Wind, whispered, 'This is another trial,' but he blew a great breath and formed a bridge of rainbow over which the brothers passed safely.

Niltsi whispered again, 'The red poles are for war, the others are for peace.'

When Tsohanoai asked his sons, 'On which poles will you ascend?' they answered, 'On the poles of red stone,' for they sought war with their enemies. So they climbed to the sky on the poles of red stone, and their father went with them.

They journeyed on till they came to Yagahoka, the sky hole, which is in the center of the sky. The hole is edged with four smooth, shining cliffs that slope steeply downward — cliffs of the same material as

the poles by which they had climbed from the earth to the sky.

They sat down on the smooth face of the cliff; Tsohanoai on the west side of the hole, the brothers on the east side. But the latter would have slipped had not Wind blown up and helped them to hold on. Tsohanoai pointed down and said, 'Where do you belong in the world below? Show me your home.'

The brothers looked down and scanned the land, but they could distinguish nothing. The world seemed flat, the wooded mountains looked like cloud shadows, the lakes gleamed like stars, and the rivers like streaks of lightning.

The elder brother said, 'I do not recognize the land. I do not know where our home is.' Then Niltsi prompted the younger brother and showed him which were the sacred mountains and which the great rivers, and the younger brother pointed them out to Sun.

‘You are right, my child,’ said Tsohanoai, ‘the land lies thus.’

Renewing his promises, he spread a streak of lightning, made his children stand on it, one at each end, and shot them down to the top of Tongue Mountain.

THE CONQUEST OF YEITSO

THE two boys descended the mountain on its south side and walked toward Warm Spring. As they went along under a high bluff, they heard voices hailing them:

‘Where are you going? Come here a minute.’

They turned toward the sound and not far off found four holy people — Holy Man, Holy Young Man, Holy Boy, and Holy Girl.

The brothers stayed all night with these people in a cave, and the people told them about Yeitso. They said that he showed himself three times on the mountains every day before he came down, and that after

he showed himself for the fourth time he would descend the mountain to drink. When he stooped to drink, one hand rested on Tongue Mountain and the other on the high hills across the valley, while his feet stretched as far as a man might walk between sunrise and noon.

The boys left the cave at daybreak and went on to Warm Spring, where in earlier days there was a much larger lake than there is to-day. When they came to the edge of the water, one brother said to the other, 'Let us try one of our father's weapons, and see what it can do.'

So they shot one of the lightning arrows at Tongue Mountain, and it made a great cleft in the mountain. Then one said to the other, 'No harm can come to us in battle while we have such weapons as these.'

Soon they heard the sound of rumbling footsteps, and they saw for a moment the head of Yeitso peering over a hill in the east. Soon after the monster raised his head and

chest over a hill in the south, and remained a little while longer in sight. Later he showed himself to the waist over a hill in the west; and lastly he appeared to his knees over Tongue Mountain in the north. Then he descended the mountain, came to the edge of the lake, and laid down the basket which he always carried.

Yeitso stooped four times to the water to drink, and each time he drank the waters grew smaller, so that when he had done drinking the lake was nearly dry. The brothers were lost in wonder at the sight, and did nothing while he was stooping down. As he took his last swallow, however, they came to the shore of the lake, and Yeitso saw their reflection in the water. He raised his head, and, looking at them, roared, 'What a pretty pair! Where can I have been not to have seen you before?'

'Throw his words back into his mouth,' said the younger to the elder brother.

'What a great lump! Where can we have

been not to have seen you before?' shouted the elder brother to the giant.

Four times these taunts were passed back and forth. Then the brothers heard Niltsi, the Wind, whisper, 'Beware! Beware!' Just then they were standing on a bent rainbow. Coming down to the ground, they straightened the rainbow out, and at the same instant a lightning bolt, hurled by Yeitso, passed thundering over their heads.

He hurled four bolts rapidly; as he hurled the second, they bent their rainbow and rose, while the bolt passed under their feet; as he cast the third they descended once more, and let the lightning pass over them. When he threw the fourth bolt, they bent the rainbow very high, for this time he aimed higher than before; but again his weapon passed under their feet and did them no harm. Yeitso drew a fifth bolt to throw at them, but at this moment the lightning descended from the sky on the head of the giant. He reeled but did not fall.

Then the elder brother sped a chain-lightning arrow; Yeitso tottered toward the east but straightened himself. The second arrow made him stumble toward the south, but again he stood upright and prepared to continue the fight. As the arrows struck him, his armor was shattered, and the scales flew in every direction. The third lightning arrow made him topple toward the west, and the fourth to the north. Then he fell flat on his face and moved no more.

The brothers went up to their fallen enemy and the younger scalped him. Up to this time the younger brother had only been known as Child-of-the-Water, but now he was given the warrior name of Naidikisi, which means He-Who-Cuts-Around, and the elder brother was ever afterwards called Nayenezgani, which means Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods. They put the broken arrows and the scalp of Yeitso into his own basket and set off for their home.

When they got near the house they took

off their suits of armor and hid these with the basket and its contents in the bushes. Their mothers were very glad to see them, for they had feared that their sons were lost.

‘Where have you been since you left here yesterday?’ they asked. ‘What have you been doing?’

‘We have been to the house of our father the Sun,’ replied Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods. ‘We have been to Tongue Mountain and slain Yeitso.’

‘Ah, my child,’ said Woman-Who-Becomes-Young, ‘do not speak thus. It is wrong to make fun of such an awful monster.’

‘Don’t you believe us?’ asked Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods. ‘Come out, then, and see what we have brought back with us.’

He led the women out to where he had hidden the basket, and showed them the trophies of Yeitso. Then they were convinced, and they rejoiced and had a dance to celebrate the victory.

THE DEATH OF TEELGET

WHEN their rejoicings were done, Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods said to his mother: 'Where does Teelget live?'

'Seek not to know,' she answered, 'you have done enough. Rest contented. The land of the Enemy Gods is a dangerous place. The Enemy Gods are hard to kill. But he lives at Bikehalzin.'

Then the brothers held a long council to determine what they should do. They made two painted wooden cigarettes, one black and one blue, each three finger-widths long; to these they attached a sunbeam and laid them in a turquoise dish.

'I shall go alone to fight Teelget,' said Nayenezgani, 'while you, younger brother, remain at home and watch these cigarettes. If they take fire from the sunbeam, you may know that I am in great danger; as long as they do not take fire you may know that I am safe.' This work was finished at sundown.

Nayenezgani arose early next morning and set out alone to find Teelget. He came in time to the edge of a great plain, and from one of the hills that bordered it saw the monster lying down a long way off. He paused to consider how he might approach nearer without attracting his attention, and in the meantime poised one of the lightning arrows in his hand.

While he stood in thought, Nasizi, the Gopher, came up to him and said: 'I greet you, my friend! Why have you come hither?'

'Oh, I am just wandering around,' said Nayenezgani.

Four times this question was asked and this answer given. Then Nasizi said: 'I wonder that you come here; no one ever comes here but me, for all fear Teelget. There he lies on the plain.'

'It is he whom I seek,' said Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods, 'but I do not know how to approach him safely.'

‘If that is what you want, I can help you,’ said Gopher, ‘and if you slay him, all I ask is his hide. I often go up to him.’

With these words Nasizi disappeared into a hole in the ground.

While he was gone Nayenezgani watched Teelget. After a while he saw the great creature rise, walk toward the east, the south, the west, and the north as if watching, and then lie down again in the spot where he was first seen. He was a great four-footed beast with horns like those of a deer.

Soon Nasizi returned and said: ‘I have dug a tunnel up to Teelget, and at the end of it I have bored four smaller tunnels for you to hide in, one to the east, one to the south, one to the west, and one to the north. I also made a hole from the tunnel up to his side. Then it was that he rose and walked about; but he came back and lay down where he lay before, over the hole.’

Nayenezgani entered the tunnel and

crawled to the end. When he looked up through the ascending shaft of which Nasizi had told him, he saw the great heart of Teelget beating. He sped his arrow of chain lightning and fled into the eastern tunnel.

The monster rose, stuck one of his horns into the ground, and ripped the tunnel open. Nayenezgani fled into the south tunnel; Teelget then tore the south tunnel open with his horns, and the hero fled into the west tunnel. When the west tunnel was torn up he fled into the north tunnel. The Enemy God put his horn into the north tunnel to tear it up, but before he had half uncovered it, he fell and lay still.

Nayenezgani, not knowing that his enemy was dead, and still fearing him, crept back through the long tunnel to the place where he first met Nasizi, and stood there gazing at the distant form of Teelget.

While he was standing in thought, he observed approaching him a little old man dressed in tight leggings and a tight shirt,

with a cap and feather on his head; this was Hazai, the Ground Squirrel.

‘What do you want here, my grandchild?’ said Hazai.

‘Nothing, I am only walking around,’ replied the warrior. Four times this question was asked and four times a similar answer given, when Ground Squirrel spoke again and inquired: ‘Do you not fear the Enemy God who lives here?’

‘I do not know,’ replied Nayenezgani; ‘I think I have killed him but I am not certain.’

‘I can find out for you,’ said Hazai. ‘He never minds me. I can approach him at any time without danger. If he is dead, I will climb up on his horns and dance and sing.’

Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods had not watched long before he saw Hazai climbing one of the horns and dancing on it. When he drew near he found that Hazai had already streaked his own face with the blood of his enemy (the streaks remain on the

ground squirrel's face to this day), and that Nasizi had begun to remove the skin.

When Gopher had taken it off, he put it on his own back and said, 'I shall wear this so that in days to come the people may know what sort of a skin Teelget wore.' To-day he has skin like that which covered Teelget.

When Nayenezgani came home again he was received with great rejoicing, for his mother had feared that he would never return.

'Where have you been, my son, and what have you done since you have been gone?' she asked.

'I have been to Bikehalzin and I have slain Teelget,' he replied.

'Ah, speak not thus, my son,' she said. 'He is too powerful for you to talk so lightly about him. If he knew what you said he might seek you out and kill you.'

'I have no fear of him,' said her son. 'Here is some of his blood, and here is a piece of his skin. Now do you believe that

I have slain him?' Then he added, 'Mother, tell me. Where do the Tsenahale dwell?'

'They dwell at Winged Rock,' she answered, 'but do not venture near them. They are fierce and strong.'

TSENAHALE THE WINGED

EARLY the next morning Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods stole away, taking with him a piece of the skin of Teelget filled with blood. He crossed the White Spruce Mountains and walked on until he came to a place where two great snakes lay, snakes which were later changed into stone.

He climbed along the back of one of the snakes, and then stepped across to the other and so went out onto the plain that stretched to the east of the mountains until he came to Winged Rock, a great black rock which looked like a bird.

While he was walking along he heard a tremendous rushing sound overhead like the sound of a whirlwind. He looked up and saw

a great bird like an eagle, flying toward him from the east. Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods had barely time to throw himself flat on the ground when the father of the Tsenahale swooped over him.

Four times he struck at the warrior, coming each time from a different direction. Three times Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods escaped, but the fourth time, flying from the north, the monster seized him in his talons and bore him off to Winged Rock.

There was a broad, level ledge on one side of Winged Rock where the Tsenahale reared their young. The father of the Tsenahale let his victim drop on this ledge according to his usual custom, and perched on a pinnacle above. This fall had killed all the others who had been dropped there, but Nayezezgani was preserved by the life-feather, the gift of Spider Woman, which he still kept.

When the warrior fell, he cut open the skin bag which he carried, and allowed the blood of Teelget to flow out over the rock,

so that the Tsenahale might think he was killed. The two young of the monster approached to devour him, but he said 'Sh!'

They stopped and cried up to their father, 'This thing is not dead. It says "Sh!" at us.'

'That is only air,' said their father. 'Never mind it. Eat!' And he flew away in search of more food.

When the old bird was gone, Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods hid himself behind the young ones and asked them, 'When will your father come back, and where will he sit when he returns?'

They answered, 'He will return when we have a rain with thunder and lightning, and he will perch there.' And they pointed out a rock close by.

Then he inquired, 'When will your mother return, and where will she sit?'

'She will come when we have a gentle rain, and she will sit there.' And they showed him a different rock.



THE MONSTER SEIZED HIM IN HIS TALONS AND BORE HIM
OFF TO WINGED ROCK

Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods had not waited long when rain began to fall, thunder rolled and lightning flashed, and the father of the Tsenahale flew to the rock which his young had pointed out. Then Nayenezgani hurled a lightning arrow and the monster tumbled to the foot of Winged Rock.

After a while rain fell again, but this time there was neither thunder nor lightning. Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods looked up and saw the mother of the Tsenahale soaring overhead. A moment later she glided down and was just about to alight when Nayenezgani hurled another lightning arrow and sent her also hurtling down to the plain.

The young ones began to cry, and asked, 'Will you slay us too?'

'Stop crying,' ordered Nayenezgani. 'Had you grown up here you would have been things of evil; you would have lived only to destroy my people. Now I shall make you into something that will be useful in the days to come when men increase in the land.'

Then he seized the elder of the young Tsenahale and said to it, 'You shall furnish plumes for men to use in their sacred festivals, and bones for whistles.' He swung the fledgling back and forth four times. As he did so it began to change into a beautiful bird with strong wings, and it said, 'Suk, suk, suk, suk.' He threw it high in the air. It spread its wings and soared out of sight an eagle.

To the younger he said, 'In the days to come men will listen to your voice to know what their future will be: sometimes you will tell the truth, and sometimes you will lie.' He swung it back and forth and as he did so its head grew large and round, its eyes grew big, and it began to say, 'Uwu, uwu, uwu, uwu,' and it became an owl.

Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods threw it into a hole in the side of the cliff and said, 'This shall be your home.'

As he had nothing more to do at Winged Rock, Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods determined

to go home, but he soon found that there was no way to descend the rock; that nothing but a winged creature could reach or leave the ledge on which he stood. The sun was about half way down to the horizon when he observed Bat Woman walking near the base of the cliff.

‘Grandmother,’ he called out, ‘come here and take me down.’

But she would say nothing and hid behind a point of rock. Three times he called to her, and three times she hid. The fourth time he promised her the feathers of the Tsenahale. When she heard this she approached the base of the rock, and soon disappeared under the ledge on which he stood.

Presently he heard a strange flapping sound and a voice calling to him, ‘Shut your eyes and go back, for you must not see how I ascend.’ He did as he was bidden, and soon Bat Woman stood beside him.

‘Get into this basket and I will carry you down,’ she commanded.

He looked at the large carrying-basket which she bore on her back, and observed that it hung on strings as thin as the strands of a spider's web.

'Grandmother,' he said, 'I fear to enter your basket. The strings are too thin.'

'Have no fear,' she replied, 'I often carry a whole deer in this basket. The strings are strong enough to bear you.'

He still hesitated, and again she reassured him. The fourth time she said, 'Fill the basket with stones, and you will see that I speak the truth.'

He did as he was bidden, and she danced around with the loaded basket on her back, but the strings did not break though they twanged like bowstrings. When at last Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods entered the basket, Bat Woman bade him keep his eyes shut till they reached the bottom of the cliff, as he must not see how they managed to descend.

He shut his eyes and soon felt himself

gradually going down, but he heard again the strange flapping against the rock which made him so curious that he opened his eyes. Instantly they began to fall fast; the flapping stopped, and Bat Woman struck him with her stick ordering him to shut his eyes.

When his eyes closed, once more he felt himself slowly descending, and the flapping against the rock began. Three times he disobeyed, the last time so near to the bottom of the cliff that they both fell unhurt to the ground.

Together they plucked the two Tsenahale, put the feathers in the basket, and put the basket on Bat Woman's back. Nayenezgani kept only the largest feather from one wing of each bird for his trophies. As Bat Woman was starting to leave, he warned her not to pass through either of the beds of two dry lakes, one of which was overgrown with weeds and the other with sunflowers.

Despite his warning Bat Woman walked

toward the sunflowers. As she was about to enter them he called after her and begged her not to go that way, but she did not heed him and walked on. She had not taken many steps among the sunflowers when she heard a fluttering sound behind her and saw birds of all colors, such as she had never seen before, flying over her shoulders and going off in every direction.

She looked around and was astonished to discover that the birds were swarming out of her own basket. She tried to hold them in, to catch them as they flew out, but all in vain. She laid down her basket and helplessly watched her feathers change into little birds of all kinds, wrens, robins, warblers, titmice and the like, and fly off until her basket was quite empty. This is the way that the little birds were made.

When he got home Child-of-the-Water said to him, 'Elder brother, I have watched the cigarettes all the time you were gone. About midday the black one took fire and I

was troubled, but when it had burned half way the fire went out and I was glad for I knew that you were safe again.'

'Ah, that must have been the time when Tsenahale carried me up and threw me on the rocks,' said Nayenezgani.

He hung up his trophies on the east side of the lodge, and asked his mother where He-Who-Kicks-People-Down-Cliffs dwelt. She told him that he lived at Standing Rock, but, as before, warned him of the power of the enemy and tried to dissuade him from seeking further dangers.

TRAVELING STONE

THE following morning Nayenezgani set out to find He-Who-Kicks-People-Down-Cliffs. This Enemy God lived on the side of a high cliff, and a trail passed at his feet. When travelers went that way, he kicked them down to the bottom of the precipice. Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods had not traveled far before he discovered the well-beaten trail.

Following this, he found that it led him along the side of a high precipice, and soon he came in sight of the enemy who looked like a man.

The monster leaned quietly against a rock as if he intended no harm, and Nayenezgani came forward as if he suspected no danger, yet watching him warily. As he passed, the monster kicked at him, but Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods dodged the kick and asked, 'Why do you kick at me?'

'Oh, my grandchild,' answered the Enemy God, 'I was weary with lying and I only stretched out my leg to rest myself.' Four times Nayenezgani passed him, and four times the monster kicked at him. Then Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods killed the treacherous one with his great stone knife.

Next he sought the Binaye Ahani, the people who slay with their eyes, carrying with him a bag of salt. When he came to their house among the rocks, they stared at him out of great round eyes, and flashes of

lightning streamed from them, but these did him no injury, for they glanced harmlessly off his armor. Then Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods threw the bag of salt which he carried with him into the fire. The salt spluttered and blinded the Binaye Ahani so that Nayenezgani was able to overcome them.

After these adventures he asked his mother, 'Where shall I find Bear-That-Pursues?' As usual his mother tried to dissuade him, picturing the strength and cunning of the enemy, but he finally learned from her that he lived at Rock-That-Frightens.

When Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods went off to Rock-That-Frightens in search of Bear-That-Pursues, he walked all round it without finding Bear or his trail. At last, looking up at the top of the rock, he saw Bear's head sticking out of a hole, so up he climbed. Bear's den was in the shape of a cross and had four entrances.

Nayenezgani looked in at the east door

and the west door without getting a sight of his enemy. As he approached the north door he saw Bear watching him, but presently his head was withdrawn and Bear went toward the south door. This time Nayenezgani ran fast to the door in the south and lay there in wait. In a little while Bear looked out, and Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods cut off his head with his stone knife.

When he picked up the head he said to it, 'You were a bad thing in your old life and tried only to do mischief, but in new shapes I shall make you useful to my people. In the future you shall supply them with sweet food to eat, with foam to clean their bodies, and with threads to make their clothes.' Then he cut the head into three pieces: he threw one to the east, another to the west, and the third to the south.

'Where shall I find Traveling Stone?' he asked after he had told his mother all about his encounter with Bear-That-Pursues.

'You will find him in a lake near Tseespai,'

answered Woman-Who-Becomes-Young, but she implored him not to go near the lake.

The next morning Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods set out to find Traveling Stone. He approached the lake in which Traveling Stone hid, on the north side while the wind was blowing from the south, but he saw nothing. Then he went around to the south side of the lake. When he got there the Enemy God smelt him and rose to the surface.

They looked at one another for a moment; then Stone steadied himself and flew toward Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods as if he had been thrown by a giant hand. Raising his lightning arrow, Nayenezgani held it before him so that it knocked a great piece off Traveling Stone. When Stone fell Nayenezgani struck off another great piece with his knife.

Traveling Stone now saw that he had a powerful enemy to contend against, and, instead of flying at the warrior again, fled, with Nayenezgani in pursuit. Slayer-of-

the-Enemy-Gods chased Stone all over the present Navaho land, knocking off many pieces, and at each place where a piece fell a perpetual spring of water welled up from the earth. At last he chased Traveling Stone into Old Age River.

Traveling Stone sped down with the current and Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods ran along the bank. Four times he got ahead of Stone, but three times the God escaped by diving deep into the river. When Nayenezgani had headed Stone off for the fourth time, he saw him gleaming like fire under the water and stopped to gaze at him.

Then Stone spoke: 'My darling, my baby, take pity on me and I shall no longer harm your people, but do good to them instead. I shall keep the springs in the mountains open and cause your rivers to flow. Kill me and your lands will become barren.'

Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods answered, 'If you keep your promise I shall spare you, but if ever again you do evil, I shall seek

you once more and then I shall not spare you.'

This time Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods brought home no trophy from his contest with Traveling Stone. It was now eight days since he had left the house of Sun, and as he was weary he determined to rest.

THE FIVE SACRED HOOPS

THERE were still many of the Enemy Gods to destroy, White-Under-the-Rock, Blue-Under-the-Rock, Yellow-Under-the-Rock, Black-Under-the-Rock, and many brown giants. Besides these there were a number of stone ruins that were inhabited by all sorts of animals who filled the land and left no room for the people. During four days of rest, the brothers took counsel together as to the best way to get rid of all these enemies, and finally determined to revisit the house of Sun.

On the morning of the fifth day they started for the east. This time they saw no

enemies, but when they entered the house of Sun, no one greeted them and no one offered them a seat. They sat down together on the floor. No sooner were they seated than lightning began to shoot into the lodge, and struck the ground near them four times. Immediately after the first flash Bat and Water Sprinkler entered. The brothers were very angry.

‘Do not be angry with us,’ said the Gods, ‘we flung the lightning only because we feel happy and want to play with you.’

Still the brothers continued to look annoyed until Niltsi, the Wind, whispered in their ears, ‘Do not be angry with the strangers. They were once friends of the Enemy Gods and did not wish them to die; but now they are your friends since you have conquered the greatest of the Enemy Gods.’

Then at last Tsohanoai, Bearer-of-the-Sun, spoke to his children saying, ‘These Gods are rude; they respect no one. But pay no attention to them. Here are seats for

you.' Saying this, he offered the brothers a seat of shell and a seat of turquoise, but Niltsi whispered not to take them.

'These are seats of peace,' he said, 'and you still want help in war. Nayenezgani, take the seat of red stone, which is the warrior's seat; and you, Child-of-the-Water stand.' And they did as Niltsi commanded them.

Then Tsohanoai asked, 'My children, why do you come to me again?'

'We come for no special purpose; we come only to pass away the time,' Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods answered. Three times Sun asked his question and three times he received the same answer. When he asked the fourth time he added, 'Speak the truth! When you came to me before, I gave you all you asked for.'

Now it was Child-of-the-Water who replied, 'Oh Father, there are still many of the Enemy Gods left, and they are increasing. We wish to destroy them.'

'My children,' said Tsohanoai, 'when I

helped you before I asked for nothing in return. I am willing to help you again, but I wish to know first if you are willing to do something for me. I have a long way to travel every day, and often in the summer days I do not complete my journey in time, and then I have no place in which to rest or eat until I return to my home in the east. I wish you to send Woman-Who-Becomes-Young to the west that she may make a new home for me.'

'I will do it,' promised Nayenezgani, 'I shall send her there.'

But Child-of-the-Water said, 'No! Woman-Who-Becomes-Young is under the power of no one. We cannot make promises for her; she must speak for herself. We shall tell her your wishes and plead for you.'

The room where they sat had four curtains which hid the doors leading into the other apartments. Tsohanoai lifted the curtain to the east, which was black, and took out of the east room five hoops, a black one,

a blue one, a yellow one, a white one, and a fifth, many-colored and shining. Each hoop had attached to it a knife of the same color as itself. He took out also four great hail-stones, colored like the first four hoops, and gave them all to his sons and said, 'Woman-Who-Becomes-Young will know what to do with these things.'

When they had taken their gifts they set out for home. On their way they had a wonderful vision: the Gods spread before them the country of the Navahoes as it was to be in the future when men increased in the land and became rich and happy. Then they spoke to one another of their father, of what he had said to them, of what they had seen in his house, and of all the strange things that had happened.

When the brothers got home they said to Woman-Who-Becomes-Young, 'Here are the hoops which our father has given us. He told us you knew all about them. Show us, then, how to use them.'

‘I have no knowledge of them,’ she replied. Three times she answered their questions thus. When they spoke to her the fourth time, and Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods was becoming angry and impatient, she said, ‘I have never seen Sun except from afar. He has never been down to earth to visit me. I know nothing of these charms of his, but I will see what I can do.’

She took the black hoop to the east, set it up, and spat through it the four-cornered black hail. At once the black hoop rolled to the east and out of sight. She took the blue hoop to the south, and spat through it the six-cornered blue hail, and the hoop rolled away to the south and disappeared. She carried the yellow hoop to the west and spat through it the eight-cornered yellow hail, and the hoop rolled off to the west and was lost to sight. She bore the white hoop to the north and spat through it the white hail which had eleven corners, and the hoop sped to the north and was seen no more.

Then she threw the shining hoop up into the sky, threw the four colored knives in the same direction, and blew after them. Up they all went until they were lost in the sky. As each hoop rolled away thunder was heard.

During the next four days nothing happened, and no change appeared in the weather. At the end of four days they heard thunder high up in the sky, and after this there were four days more of good weather. Then the sky grew black and something like a white cloud descended from above. When Woman-Who-Becomes-Young went a short distance from the lodge, she saw in all directions great whirlwinds which uprooted tall trees as though they were weeds, and tossed great rocks around as though they were pebbles.

‘My son, I fear for our house,’ she said when she came back. ‘It is high among the mountains and the great winds may destroy it.’

When he heard this Nayenezgani went out. First he covered the house with a black cloud, which he fastened to the ground with rainbows; next with a black fog which he fastened down with sunbeams; then with a black cloud which he secured with sheet lightning; and finally with a black fog which he secured with chain lightning. At sunset that evening they caught a little glimpse of the sun, but after that for four days and four nights it was entirely dark.

A storm of wind and hail arose such as had never been seen or heard of before, and the air was filled with sharp stones flying before the wind. The people were safe in the lodge but they could hear the noise of the great storm without. On the morning of the fifth day the tumult ceased, and Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods, going out, found that all was calm although it was still dark.

He proceeded to remove the coverings from the lodge and threw them up into the heavens. As the first covering, a sheet of

fog, ascended, chain lightning shot out of it, for it had been fastened with chain lightning. As the second covering, a black cloud, ascended, sheet lightning came forth. As the third covering ascended, sunbeams streamed from it, and as the fourth cover, a robe of cloud, floated up, the sky became bright with rainbows.

The air was still dark and full of dust raised by the high wind, but later a gentle shower of rain fell, laying the dust, and all was clear again. Then all those within the lodge came out, and marveled to see the changes wrought by the storm. Near the lodge a great cañon had been made, the shape of the bluffs had been altered, and solitary pillars of rock had been hewn from them by the winds.

‘Surely all the Enemy Gods are dead,’ said Woman-Who-Becomes-Young. ‘This storm must have destroyed them.’

But Niltzi, the Wind, whispered into Nayezezgani’s ear, ‘Old Age lives.’

Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods then said to his mother, 'Where used Old Age to dwell?' But his mother would not answer him though he repeated his question four times. At last Niltsi whispered in his ear and said, 'She lives in the Big Sheep Mountains.'

THE FINAL QUEST

NEXT morning Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods set out for the north. After a long journey he came to Mount Big Sheep, and there he saw an old woman who came slowly toward him leaning on a staff. Her back was bent, her hair was white, and her face was deeply wrinkled. He knew that this must be Old Age.

'Grandmother,' he said when they met, 'I have come on a cruel errand. I have come to slay you.'

'Why should you slay me?' she asked in a feeble voice. 'I have never harmed any one. I hear that you have done great deeds in order that men might increase on the earth,

but if you kill me there will be no such increase. The boys will not grow up, the worthless old men will not die, the people will be as they always were. It is well that people should grow old and give their places to the young. Let me live, and I shall help you to increase the people.'

'Grandmother, if you keep your promise, I shall spare your life,' answered Nayenezgani, and he went home to his mother without a trophy.

When he got home Niltsi whispered to him, 'Cold Woman still lives.' Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods asked his mother, Woman-Who-Becomes-Young, where Cold Woman lived, but she would not answer him. Then Niltsi whispered, 'Cold Woman lives on the summit of Big Sheep Mountain where the snow never melts.'

Next day he went again to the north and climbed among the peaks of Big Sheep Mountain where no trees grow and where the snow lies white all through the summer.

Here he found a lean old woman sitting on the bare snow without clothing, and without food, fire, or shelter. She shivered from head to foot, and her teeth chattered. Snow buntings played in the snow which drifted about her. These were the couriers she sent out to announce the coming of a storm.

‘Grandmother,’ said Nayenezgani, ‘I have come here to be very cruel. I am going to kill you so that men shall no longer suffer and die at your hand,’ and he raised his knife club to strike.

‘You may kill me or let me live, as you will,’ she said. ‘I do not care. But if you kill me it will always be hot, the land will dry up, the springs will cease to flow, the people will perish. You will do well to let me live; it will be better for your people.’

He paused and thought about her words. Then he lowered his hands, saying, ‘You speak wisely, grandmother. I shall let you live.’ Then he turned around and went home.

When Nayenezgani got home from his journey, Wind whispered in his ear, 'Poverty still lives.'

He asked his mother where Poverty used to live, but she would not answer. Again it was Wind who informed him.

He went forth the next day and found an old man and an old woman who were filthy, clad in tattered garments, and who had no possessions.

'Grandmother, Grandfather, I must be cruel,' he said. 'I have come to kill you.'

'Do not kill us, my grandchild,' begged the old man. 'It will not be well for the people in the days to come, if we are dead. They would always wear the same clothes and never get anything new. If we live, clothing will wear out and the people will make new and beautiful garments; they will gather possessions and look handsome. Let us live and we will pull their old clothes to pieces for them.' So Nayenezgani spared them and went home without a trophy.

Next he sought Hunger who lived, as Niltsi told him, at White-Spot-of-Grass. At this place he found twelve of the hunger people. Their chief was a big fat man, although he had no food to eat but the little brown cactus.

‘I am going to be cruel,’ said Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods, ‘so that men may suffer no more agony, and die no more of hunger.’

‘Do not kill us,’ said the chief, ‘if you wish your people to increase and be happy in the days to come. We are your friends. If we die, the people will not care for food; they will never know the delight of cooking and eating nice things, and they will never care for the pleasures of the chase.’ So Nayenezgani spared them and went home without a trophy.

When Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods returned from the home of Hunger, Niltsi spoke no more of enemies, so that Nayenezgani said to his mother, ‘I think that all the Enemy Gods must be dead, for I have been to the end of

the earth, to the end of the waters, to the end of the sky, and to the end of the mountains, and I have found none who were not friends.'

Then he took off his armor — his knife, moccasins, leggings, shirt, and cap, and laid them in a pile. He put with them the various weapons Sun had given him, and then lifted up his voice and sang. He had scarcely finished when he heard in the far east the answering sound of singing.

As the voice came nearer, and the song continued, Woman-Who-Becomes-Young said to the boys, 'Put on the clothes you usually wear. Tsohanoai is coming to see us. Be ready to receive him.' And she left the lodge that she might not hear the talk about the Enemy Gods.

When Sun had greeted his children and taken his seat, he said to the elder brother, 'My son, do you think you have slain all the Enemy Gods?'

'Yes, Father,' replied the son, 'I think I have slain all that should die.'

‘Have you brought home trophies?’ the father asked again.

‘Yes, Father,’ said Nayenezgani.

Then Sun took the trophies and the armor, and said, ‘These I shall carry back to my house in the east. If ever you need them again, come and get them.’ Then he continued his journey westward, promising to return at the end of four days.

At the end of four days Woman-Who-Becomes-Young went to the top of Sacred Mountain and sat down on a rock. Tso-hanoai came, sat down beside her, and said, ‘I want you for my own. I want you to come to the west and make a home for me there.’

‘But I do not wish to do so,’ said Woman-Who-Becomes-Young.

‘Have I not given your boy weapons to slay the Enemy Gods?’ he inquired, and added: ‘I have done much for you: now you must reward me.’

‘I never besought you to do this,’ she re-

plied. 'You did not do it on my account; you did it of your own free will, and because your sons asked you.'

'When Nayenezgani visited me in the east, he promised that you would come.'

'What care I for his promise?' she exclaimed; 'I am not bound by it. He has no right to speak for me.'

Four times Tsohanoai besought her and four times she repulsed him. He pleaded for the fifth time, saying, 'Come to the west and make a home for me.'

'Let me hear first all that you have to promise me,' she replied. 'You have a beautiful house in the east. I have never seen it but I have heard how beautiful it is. I want a house just the same built for me in the west; I want to have it built floating on the water, away from the shore, so that in the future when the people increase they will not annoy me with too many visits. I want all sorts of gems — white shell, turquoise, mother-of-pearl, jet, soapstone,

agate, and redstone — planted around my house, so that they may grow and increase.

‘Then I shall be lonely over there and shall want something to do, for my son and my sister will not go with me. Give me animals to take along. Do all this for me and I shall go with you to the west.’

He promised all these things to her, and he made elk, buffalo, deer, long-tail deer, mountain sheep, jack-rabbits, and prairie dogs to go with her.

When she started for her new home the Mirage People and the Ground Heat People, two divine tribes, went with her and helped her to drive the animals, which were very numerous.

After a long journey they arrived at the Great Water, and Woman-Who-Becomes-Young went to dwell in her floating house beyond the shore. There she still lives, and there Sun visits her each time that he crosses the sky. But he does not go every day; on dark, stormy days he stays at home in the

east and sends in his stead the serpents of lightning, who do mischief.

When Woman-Who-Becomes-Young had departed, Nayenezgani and Child-of-the-Water went to Meeting Waters, where two great streams join in the valley of Old Age River; there they made their dwelling, and there they are to this day.



THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF



THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF

IN the early days of the world a great gambling God named Nohoilpi, He-Who-Wins-Men, descended among the Pueblo People and challenged them to all sorts of games and contests, in all of which he was successful. He had, as a lucky stone, a large piece of turquoise, and won from the Pueblos their property, their women and children, and finally some of the men themselves. Then he told them that by building him a great house they could recover part of their possessions.

When the Navahoes moved into the neighborhood of Broad House, they found the Pueblo People busy building in order to free their relatives and redeem their property. They were also hard at work making a race-track and preparing for games of chance and skill.

When all was in readiness, four days'

notice was given, and twelve men came from Blue House to compete with Nohoilpi. They wagered their own persons, but after a brief contest, lost themselves to the gambler. Another four days' notice was given and twelve more came from Blue House, and these also lost.

The third time the announcement was made, there were women among the contestants, but they fared no better than the men. All were put to work building Broad House as soon as they had lost their liberty. At the end of another four days the children of these people came and tried to win back their parents, but succeeded only in adding themselves to the number of the gambler's slaves. Then many more men lost themselves to the gambler, among them the chief of Blue House.

Up to this time the Navahoes who were watching had been able to keep count of the winnings of Nohoilpi, but now people came in such numbers to play and lose that

they could no longer keep track of the spoils. In addition to their persons, the latest victims lost shells, beads, turquoise, and other valuable possessions. Due to the work of all these slaves, it was not long before great Broad House was finished.

All this time the Navahoes had merely looked on, and had taken no part in the games. But one day the voice of Talking God was heard faintly, crying in the distance, 'Wuhuhuhu.' Four times he cried, coming nearer and nearer, and immediately after his last call, Talking God appeared at the door of a hut where a childless young Navaho couple lived.

He told them by means of signs that the people of Blue House had gambled away two great shells, the greatest treasures of their pueblo; that the Sun coveted these shells and had begged them from the gambler; that Nohoilpi had refused the request of the Sun, and that the Sun was very angry.

Therefore, Talking God said, at the end

of twelve days certain divine personages would meet in the mountains to hold a great ceremony. He invited the young man to be present and disappeared.

The Navaho kept count of the passing days, and on the twelfth repaired to the appointed place. There he found a great assembly of the Gods, Talking God, House God and his son, Wind, Darkness, Bat, Great Snake, Little Bird, Gopher, and many others. Besides these there were a number of domestic animals present belonging to the gambler, who were anxious to be free. Niltsi, the Wind, had spoken to them, and they had entered into the plot against Nohoilpi.

All that night the Gods danced and sang and performed mystic rites for the purpose of giving the son of House God powers as a gambler equal to those of Nohoilpi. When morning came they washed the young God, dried him with corn meal, dressed him in clothes exactly like those of the gambler,

and in every way made him look as much like Nohoilpi as possible. Then they discussed other means of outwitting He-Who-Wins-Men.

In the first place they wanted to find out how he felt about having refused to give the Sun the two great shells. 'I will do this,' said Wind, 'for I can go everywhere, and no one can see me.'

'No,' answered the others. 'You can go everywhere, but you cannot travel without making a noise and disturbing people. Let Darkness go on this errand, for he also goes wherever he wills, but he makes no noise.'

So Darkness went to the gambler's house, entered his room while he slept, went all through his body and mind, and came back saying, 'Nohoilpi is sorry for what he has done.'

Niltsi, however, did not believe this, and although his services had been refused before, he also went to the room where the gambler slept, and searched all through his

body and his mind. He, too, came back saying that Nohoilpi was sorry that he had not given the shells to the Sun.

One of the games the Gods proposed to play was called Thirteen Chips. It was played with thirteen thin flat pieces of wood, which were colored red on one side and white on the other. The winner of the game was the one who had the most chips fall white side up after they had been thrown into the air.

‘Leave the game to me,’ said Bat. ‘I have made thirteen chips which are white on both sides. I shall hide myself in the ceiling, and when our champion throws up his chips, I shall grasp them and throw down my chips instead.’

Another game they were to play was Nanzoz. This was played with two long poles, one red and the other black, and a single hoop. A many-tailed string called the ‘turkey claw’ was secured to the end of each pole, and the winner of this game

was the one who entangled the rolling hoop in his 'turkey claw.' 'Leave Nanzoz to me,' said Great Snake. 'I shall hide myself in the hoop and make it roll where I please.'

Another game was called Push-on-the-Wood. In this the contestants pushed against a tree until it was torn from its roots and fell to the ground. 'I shall see that this game is won,' said Gopher. 'I shall gnaw the roots of the tree, so that it will fall easily.'

In the game of Ball, the object was to hit the ball so that it would fall beyond a certain line. 'I shall win this game for you,' said Little Bird, 'for I shall hide in the ball and fly with it wherever I want to go. Do not hit the ball hard; give it only a light tap and depend on me to carry it.'

The gambler's animals begged Wind to blow hard so that they might have an excuse to give their master for not keeping watch when he was in danger. In the morning Wind blew them a strong gale. At

dawn the whole party of conspirators left the mountains and came down to the brow of the cañon overlooking Broad House to watch.

Nohoilpi had two wives who were the prettiest women in the whole land. Wherever they went, they carried in their hands a stick with something tied on the end of it as the sign that they were wives of the great gambler. It was customary for one to go every morning to a neighboring spring for water.

At sunrise the watchers on the hill saw one of the wives coming out of the gambler's house with a water jar on her head, whereupon the son of House God descended into the cañon and followed her to the spring. She was not aware of his presence until she had filled her water jar, and then she supposed him to be her husband. She soon discovered her error, but thought it wise to say nothing, and allowed him to follow her into the house.

As he entered, the son of House God noticed that many of the slaves had already assembled, perhaps aware that some trouble was in store for their master. When Nohoilpi saw the stranger entering immediately after his wife, he felt jealous and looked up with an angry face. He said nothing about it, however, and asked at once, 'Have you come to gamble with me?' This he repeated four times, for each time Young House God said, 'No.'

Thinking that the stranger feared to play with him, Nohoilpi challenged him recklessly: 'I'll bet myself against yourself. I'll bet my feet against your feet. I'll bet my legs against your legs,' and so on. He offered to bet each and every part of his body against the same part of his adversary, and ended by mentioning his hair.

In the meantime the party of divine ones, who had been watching from above, descended; and people from the neighboring pueblos arrived, among them two boys

dressed exactly like the wives of the gambler. Young House God pointed to these and said, 'I will bet my wives against your wives.'

Nohoilpi accepted the wager, and the four, two women and two mock women, were placed sitting in a row against the wall. First they played Thirteen Chips. Bat assisted as he had promised, and Young House God won the game and with it the wives of Nohoilpi.

Thirteen Chips was the only one played inside the house, and they went outside for the other games. First they tried Nanzoz. The track already prepared lay east and west, but, prompted by Wind, the stranger insisted on having a track made from north to south, and, again at the bidding of Wind, chose the red stick.

The son of House God threw the hoop, and at first it seemed to become entangled in the 'turkey claw' of the gambler's pole; but to the great surprise of Nohoilpi it rolled further on and fell on the pole of his op-

ponent. The latter ran to pick up the hoop lest the gambler should hurt Great Snake who was inside; but Nohoilpi was so angry that he threw his stick away and gave up the game, hoping to do better in the next contest, that of pushing down trees.

For this the gambler pointed out two small trees, but his opponent insisted that larger trees should be found. After some search they agreed upon two of a good size which grew close together, and of these Wind told the youth which one he must select.

The gambler strained with all his might at his tree but could not move it, while his opponent, when his turn came, felled the other tree with little effort, for all its roots had been severed by Gopher. Then followed a variety of games on which Nohoilpi staked his wealth in shells and precious stones, his house, and many of his slaves, and lost all.

The last game was that of Ball. All the people were assembled on the line over which the ball was to be knocked; on one

side were those who still remained slaves, and on the other were freed men and those who had come to wager themselves in the hope of rescuing their kinsmen.

Nohoilpi bet on this game the last of his slaves and his own person. The gambler struck his ball a heavy blow but it did not reach the line; the son of House God gave him a light tap, and Little Bird within it flew far beyond the mark, whereupon the released captives jumped over the line and rejoined their people.

Then the victor ordered all the shells, beads, and precious stones, and the two great shells to be brought forth. He gave the beads and shells to Talking God that they might be distributed among the divine ones; the two great shells he gave to the Sun.

In the meantime Nohoilpi sat to one side saying bitter things, bemoaning his fate, and cursing and threatening his enemies. 'I will kill you all with lightning! I will send

war and disease among you! May cold freeze you! May fire burn you! May waters drown you!’

‘He has cursed enough,’ whispered Niltsi to the son of House God. ‘Put an end to his angry words.’

The young victor called Nohoilpi to him and said: ‘You have bet yourself and you have lost; you are now my slave and must do my bidding.’

The son of House God had a magic bow called the Bow of Darkness; he bent this upwards, and placing the string on the ground, bade Nohoilpi stand on it. Then he shot the gambler up into the sky as if he had been an arrow. Up and up he went, growing smaller and smaller until he became a mere speck, and finally disappeared altogether. As he flew upwards he was heard to murmur in angry tones, but no one could hear what he said.

Nohoilpi flew up in the sky until he came to the home of Klehanoai, Bearer-of-the-

Moon. This God was very old and dwelt in a long row of stone houses. When Nohoilpi arrived at the house of Bearer-of-the-Moon, he related to the latter all his misfortunes in the lower world and said, 'Now I am poor and this is why I have come to see you.'

'You need be poor no longer,' said Moon; 'I will provide for you.'

He made domestic animals for the gambler of a different kind from those he had had before. He made him sheep, asses, horses, swine, goats, and fowls; he also gave him cloths of bright colors, more beautiful than those woven by his slaves at Broad House. Bearer-of-the-Moon, as well, made a new people for him to rule over, the Mexicans, and then sent him back to earth again, but this time Nohoilpi descended far to the south of his former home and so arrived in Mexico.

Nohoilpi's people increased greatly, and after a while they began to move north, and build towns along the Rio Grande. No-



THE SON OF HOUSE GOD SHOT THE GAMBLER UP INTO THE
SKY AS IF HE HAD BEEN AN ARROW

hoilpi went with them for a time, but then he returned to Mexico, where he still lives, and where he is now the God of the Mexicans.



THE NAVAHO AND THE WIZARD



THE NAVAHO AND THE WIZARD

HE-WHO-TEACHES-HIMSELF

NATINESTHANI, He-Who-Teaches-Himself, lived with his relations near Encircled Mountain. He loved to gamble, but was not successful, for he lost not only all his own goods but all the goods and jewels of his relations until there was only one thing of value left, a necklace of white beads. His brother took this to his grandmother's lodge and gave it to her saying, 'My brother has gambled away everything save this. Should this also be lost, it will be the last thing that he will ever lose.'

Natimesthani, however, did not spend all of his time gambling; sometimes he hunted for wood-rats and rabbits in the mountains. He returned from his traps the day the necklace had been brought to his grandmother's hut, and saw it hanging from a peg.

'Why is this here?' he asked.

‘It is here for safe keeping,’ replied his niece who lived with the grandmother. ‘Your brother values it and has asked us to take care of it. I have heard the counsels of the family about you. They are tired of you. If you lose this necklace gambling, it will be the last thing that you will ever lose.’

On hearing this, He-Who-Teaches-Himself only said to his niece, ‘I must think.’ And he lay down to rest.

Next morning Natinesthani rose early, had his breakfast of wood-rats, and went out to hunt, traveling eastward. When he stopped for the night, he thought over many plans: he would go further east and leave his people forever; then he wondered, ‘Who will kill wood-rats for my niece when I am gone?’ and he went back to her lodge and gave her all the little animals he had caught.

The Navaho hunted east, south, west, and north. On the fourth night he slept little for his mind was filled with sad thoughts.

‘My brother disowns me; my parents re-

fuse me shelter; my niece, whom I love most of all, barely looks at me. I shall never go home again.' Yet for all these words when morning came he returned to the lodge.

By this time he was very poor, and so were his grandmother and niece. His sandals, made of grass and yucca fiber, were worn through, and his blanket, made of yucca fiber and cedar bark, was ragged. His father and mother who lived in another lodge were better off. They gave the grandmother and niece food at times, but always watched closely when they came to get it in order to prevent them from carrying off something to give the gambler.

'Let him live on wood-rats and rabbits as well as he can,' said his parents.

The morning after his return Natines-thani asked his niece to roast four wood-rats for him. These he tied together, and then set out for Old Age River. When he came to the bank he examined a number of cotton-wood trees until he found one that suited

his purpose. He felled this tree by burning it off at the base, but prevented the fire from burning upwards by putting wet mud around it in a ring. His plan was to hollow out the tree and float inside it down the river.

He did all this in one day, and then went home collecting wood-rats on the way; but he told his niece nothing about the log.

He went back the following morning to his work on the bank of the river, and busied himself making the log hollow by means of fire. Four holes burned through the trunk where the tree branched, he filled with plugs of shredded cedar bark; and made another plug to be rammed into the butt from the inside after he had entered the log. When all this was done, he went home.

The next morning his niece cooked several wood-rats for him, and ground two handfuls of seeds. She put this meal into a bag of wood-rat skins sewn together, and thus provided, the Navaho went back to his log.

He put his provisions into the hole and then proceeded to climb in himself to see if the log were sound and the hole big enough.

Natinesthani entered head foremost, and had crawled in as far as his chest, when he heard a voice crying, 'Wuhuhuhu!' He came out to see who called, looked in every direction, and examined the ground carefully for tracks, but seeing no signs of any one he reëntered the log.

This time he had gone in as far as his waist, when again he heard the cry louder and nearer than before. Four times this happened, but when he crawled out for the fourth time he found Talking God standing over him.

Talking God did not speak at first, but told He-Who-Teaches-Himself by signs that he must not enter the log. Then he walked off a little distance and motioned the Navaho to come to him.

'My grandchild,' he said, 'why are you doing all this work? Where do you intend to go in this log?'

Natinesthani told the God all his sad story, and ended by saying:

‘I am an outcast. I wish to get far away from my people. Take pity on me and do not stop me. Let me go in this log as far as Old Age River will carry me.’

‘You must not attempt to go in that log,’ Talking God replied. ‘You would surely be drowned if you did. I forbid it.’

Four times Natinesthani pleaded, and four times the God denied him. Then Talking God said, ‘Have you any precious stones?’

‘Yes,’ replied the Navaho.

The God next asked him if he had the eighteen sacred things which must be offered to the Gods to gain their favor. To each of his questions the Navaho replied, ‘Yes,’ although he owned nothing but the rags that covered him.

‘It is well,’ said the God. ‘Go home and stay there for four nights. At daylight, after the fourth night, you will see me again.’

As soon as he got home, Natinesthani told his niece what he wanted, and asked her to borrow from their neighbors. This she did. On the evening of the fourth day the Navaho wrapped up all the goods in sacred skins, put them away in the corner of the lodge, and lay down to rest. He was usually a good sleeper, but on this night woke about midnight, and could not go to sleep again.

At dawn he heard, faintly, the distant 'Wuhuhuhu' of Talking God. At once he woke his grandmother, saying, 'I hear a voice. The divine ones are coming.'

'Stupid one,' she replied, 'be quiet and go to sleep. They would never come to visit such poor people as we,' and she fell asleep again.

In a little while he heard the voice a second time, louder and nearer, and again he shook his grandmother and told her that he heard the voices of the Gods; but still she would not believe him, and slept. He woke her a third time when he heard the

voices still more plainly, and this time she remained awake, beginning to believe him. The fourth time the call sounded loud and clear, as if cried by some one standing at the door.

‘Listen,’ he said to his grandmother. ‘Is that not truly the voice of a divine one?’

At last she believed him, and said in wonder, ‘Why should the Gods come to visit us?’

Talking God and House God were at the door, standing on the rainbow by which they had come. The former made signs to the Navaho over the curtain which hung in the doorway, bidding him pull it aside and come out.

‘Grandmother,’ said Natinesthani, ‘Talking God calls me to him.’

‘It is well,’ she answered. ‘Do as he bids you.’

As he went out bearing his sacred bundle, he said, ‘I go with the divine ones, but I shall come back again to see you.’

Now the niece had a pet turkey which

roosted on a tree near the lodge, and Talking God motioned the Navaho to take it.

‘My niece,’ said the Navaho, ‘the Gods bid me take your turkey, and I would gladly do so, for I am going among strange people where I shall be lonely. I love the bird, and he would be company for me and remind me of home. But I shall not take him against your will.’

‘You may have my turkey,’ replied his niece.

The Gods then turned the rainbow around sunwise, so that it pointed in a new direction. Talking God got on first and placed the Navaho behind him, with House God bringing up the rear. ‘Shut your eyes,’ commanded Talking God, and the Navaho did as he was bidden.

THE JOURNEY OF THE LOG

A MOMENT later Talking God cried, ‘Open your eyes!’

He-Who-Teaches-Himself obeyed, and

found that he was at the home of the divine ones, far away. They led him into a house cut into the rock, whose walls were covered with rock crystal which gave forth a brilliant light.

Talking God ordered food to be brought for his visitor, and the latter was handed a very small earthen cup filled with mush.

‘What a poor meal to offer a stranger!’ thought the Navaho, supposing that he would finish it in one mouthful. But he ate, and ate, and ate, and ate from the cup and could not empty it. When he had done eating the little cup was as full as ever. He handed it back to Talking God, who emptied it with one sweep of his finger.

The little cup was then filled with water and given to the guest to drink. He drank till his thirst was satisfied, but the cup was as full when he had done as it was when he began. He handed it to Talking God who put it to his own lips and emptied it with a single swallow.

Then the Gods opened the bundle which the Navaho had brought, and examined the contents to see if everything was there. They found all that they needed. In the meantime Natinesthani filled his pipe and lighted it. While he was smoking, Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods, Child-of-the-Water, and Divine Huntress, arrived from Meeting Waters, the home of the War Gods.

‘I hear that you were found crawling into a hole which you had burnt in a log,’ said Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods to the visitor. ‘Why were you doing that?’

In reply, the Navaho told his whole story, as he had told it to Talking God, and ended by saying: ‘I wished to go to Meeting Waters, or wherever else the river would bear me. While I was trying to carry out this plan, my grandfather, Talking God, found me and forbade me to go. For this reason I gave up my plan and went home.’

‘Do you still wish to go to Meeting Waters?’ asked Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods.

‘Yes,’ said the Navaho. ‘I wish to go to Meeting Waters, or as far down Old Age River as possible.’

‘It shall be as you wish,’ said the God.

Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods left the house, and the other Gods followed him. They went to a grove of spruce, and there picked out a tree of unusual size. Having tied rainbow ropes to it, so that it would not break in falling, Slayer-of-the-Enemy-Gods and Child-of-the-Water cut it near the root with their great stone knives, so that it fell to the north.

Crooked Lightning struck the fallen tree and went through it from butt to tip. Straight Lightning struck it and went through it from tip to butt. Thus a hole was bored in the log. The hole that Crooked Lightning made was too crooked, and Straight Lightning made it straight; but it was still too small.

Black Wind was sent into the hole, and he made it larger, but not large enough. Then

Blue Wind, Yellow Wind, and White Wind entered the hole, and each, as he went through, made it a little larger. When White Wind had done his work, the hole was big enough to hold a man. Talking God supplied a bowl of food, a vessel of water, and a white cloud for bedding. Then the Gods wrapped the Navaho up in the cloud and put him into the log.

They plugged the ends of the log with clouds — a black cloud in the butt, and a blue cloud in the tip — and forbade Natinesthani to touch either of these cloud plugs.

Then some one said, 'How can he see? How will he know when it is night and when it is day?' So they bored two holes in the log, one on each side of his head, and put a piece of rock crystal in each hole for a window.

While some of the Gods were preparing the log, others were getting the pet turkey ready for his journey, but they did this un-

known to the Navaho. They put about his body black cloud, rain with thunder and lightning, black mist, and gentle rain. They put under his wings white corn, yellow corn, blue corn, corn of mixed colors, squash seed, watermelon seed, muskmelon seed, gourd seed, and beans of all colors.

The next thing they had to think about was carrying the heavy log with the man inside it to the river. Under the log they put a rope of crooked lightning, a rope of rainbow, a rope of straight lightning, and another rope of rainbow. To each end of the log they attached a sunbeam.

All the Gods, except those who were busy with the turkey, tried to move the log, but they could not stir it; so they sent for the six who were at work on the turkey to aid them. They put poles crosswise under the log, lifted together, and carried it along.

When at last they threw the log on the surface of the water, it floated round in different directions, and would not go down-

stream; so the Gods consulted together to see what they should do. They covered the log first with black mist and then with black cloud. Some of the Gods standing on the river banks pushed it with their wands when it drew too near, or began to whirl around. They kept this up until it pointed downstream and floated on.

All went well until they approached a pueblo called Blue House, where two of the Pueblo People, who were going to hunt eaglets, saw the log floating by. Wood was scarce around Blue House, so the two men ran back to the pueblo and announced that a great log was coming down the river.

A number of people ran downstream to a shallow place where they could all wade in, to wait for the log. When it came to the shallow place they tried to break off the branches, but failed. Then they tied ropes to the branches, and struggled to pull the log ashore, but, hurried on by the current, it carried them down the river. Unfortunately,

the next time the log came to a shallow place it became stranded, and the people sent back to the pueblo for axes.

When the Gods heard this, they said, 'Something must be done.' So they sent down a great shower of rain, but the people held on to the log. They sent hail, with hail-stones as big as two fists; but still the people held on. They sent lightning to the right — the people on the left held on. They sent lightning to the left — the people on the right held on. But when they sent lightning in all directions four times, at last the people let go, and the log floated on.

This time the Gods laid on the log a cloud so thick that no one could see through it; they put a rainbow lengthwise and a rainbow crosswise over it, and they caused zig-zag lightning to flash all around it. When the people of Blue House saw all these things they began to be afraid.

'The Gods must guard this log,' they said. 'It must be holy.'



THE GODS SENT LIGHTNING IN ALL DIRECTIONS FOUR
TIMES

After this the log floated steadily with the stream until it came to a place where a ridge of rocks barred the way, and here the log became entangled. But two of the Fringe-Mouths, Gods of the River, raised it from the rocks and floated it again. They set it lengthwise with the current and let it go.

END-OF-THE-WATER

THE log floated safely for a while, but all at once the Gods on the bank saw it stop and sink, until only a few leaves on the ends of the branches could be seen. The sacred people of the river had pulled it down. Frog, Fish, Beaver, Otter, and others, sentinels of Water Monster, took the Navaho out of the log and bore him to their home under the water.

Meanwhile the Gods on the bank held a council to discover why the log had sunk, and called on Water Sprinkler to help them. He had two magic water-jars, a black jar which he carried in his right hand, and a

blue jar which he carried in his left; with these he struck the water to the right and to the left, crying as he did so, 'Tuwuwuwu!'

The water opened before him and allowed him to descend. He went around the tree, and when he came to the butt found that the plug had been withdrawn, and that the Navaho was no longer there. He called up to his friends on the bank and told them what had happened.

They spread a short rainbow for him to travel on, and he went to the house of the divine ones under the water. This house had four rooms, one under the other. The top chamber was black; the second was blue; the third yellow; the fourth white. Two of Water Monster's pets with blue horns stood at the door facing one another, and roared as Water Sprinkler passed. He descended from one story to another, but found no one until he came to the last room, and here he saw Water Monster, Frog, Beaver, Otter, Great Fish, and the captive Navaho.

‘I seek my grandchild. Give him to me,’ said Water Sprinkler.

‘Go away,’ said Water Monster. ‘Such as you cannot come here giving orders. I fear you not, Water Sprinkler; you shall not have your grandchild.’

Then Water Sprinkler went out again and told his friends what had happened to him, and what had been said in the house of Water Monster.

The Gods held another council.

‘Who will go down and rescue our grandchild?’ they asked one another.

While they were talking, Black God, chief over all fire, sat apart and took no place in the council. But when Water Sprinkler described his adventures under the water, and what Water Monster had said to him, Black God became very angry.

‘I do not fear Water Monster,’ he cried. ‘I shall rescue our grandchild.’

He hastened away taking Water Sprinkler with him, and together they descended into the river.

When they reached the room where Water Monster sat, Black God said, 'We have come for our grandchild.'

'Run away,' roared Water Monster. 'I shall not give up your grandchild.'

'I shall take my grandchild. I do not fear you.'

They spoke defiantly thus to one another for some time. At length Black God said: 'I shall beg no longer for my grandchild. You say you are mighty. We shall see which is the more powerful, you or I.'

'Neither shall I ask your permission to keep him,' said Water Monster. 'I should like to see you take him from me.'

When Black God heard this he took the fire-stick and fire-drill from his belt. Laying the stick on the ground, he steadied it with both feet and whirled the drill. The first time he whirled it there was a little smoke; the second time there was a great smoke; the third time there was flame; the fourth time the surrounding waters all took fire.

Then at last Water Monster cried, 'Take your grandchild, but put out the flames.'

'Ah,' said Black God, 'you told me you were mighty. Why do you beg me to put out the fire? Why not do it yourself? Do you mean what you say this time?'

'Oh, yes!' cried Water Monster. 'Take your grandchild but put out the flames.'

At a sign from Black God, Water Sprinkler took the stoppers out of his jars and scattered water all around him four times, crying, 'Tuwuwuwu' as he did so, and the flames died out. The water in Water Sprinkler's jars was a mixture of thunder-and-lightning rain, gentle rain, hail, snow, lake water, spring water, and water taken from the four quarters of the world. That is why it was so potent.

The Gods took Natinesthani back to his log, Water Sprinkler making a passage for them through the river. Water Sprinkler also took the water out of the log. When the Navaho crawled inside, the Gods plugged up the ends and set it floating.

The log floated on and on until it came to a series of falls, and here it stuck again. The Gods labored hard trying to get it loose, but they could not move it, and finally the Fringe-Mouths came to help. These put the zigzag lightning which was in their bodies under the large end of the log like a rope, and soon got it loose and floating once more down the river.

At the end of Old Age River there is a large whirlpool called End-of-the-Water surrounded by mountains, and here the log whirled round many times. At last it stranded on the south shore, and the Gods pried out one of the stoppers with their wands so that Natinesthani could crawl ashore.

Then they spoke to him and said: 'We have taken you where you wished to go. We have brought you to the end of the river, and we have done all that you asked us to do. Now we shall give you a new name. Henceforth you shall be called He-Who-Floats. Sit over there and turn your back to us.'

After he had done as he was told, they called to him and bade him ascend a hill to the west of the lake. When he had climbed to the top he looked behind him and saw the log moving back up the river. The Gods had disappeared, and he could see no living thing. Natinesthani felt sad and lonely; nevertheless he said to himself, 'This is my own deed. I insisted on coming here.'

But the more he thought, the sadder he felt, and soon he began to weep.

THE HOME OF THE WIZARD

THE mountains all about were very steep. Natinesthani was wondering how he might cross them when he heard the familiar gobbling of a turkey. He listened and soon heard the gobbling again, more distinctly and apparently nearer. A moment later he beheld the turkey, whom he had never expected to see again, running toward him. His pet had followed him all the way down the river.

‘Welcome, my pet!’ cried Natinesthani. ‘I am sorry for you, I pity you; but now that you are here, I thank you for coming.’

The Navaho began to think of crossing the mountains to the west, but night came on suddenly, and he felt obliged to seek a resting-place. So he and the turkey went to a cañon near at hand where there were a few small cedar trees. They spread dead leaves and soft dirt for a bed, and lay down side by side to sleep. The Navaho rolled himself in his bark blanket, and the turkey spread a wing over its master so that he slept well that night.

Next morning they rose early and went out to hunt wood-rats. They went down a small winding valley until they came to a beautiful meadow through which ran a stream of water.

‘This would be a good place for a farm if I had any seeds to plant,’ said the Navaho aloud. The turkey gobbled in reply and spread its wings.

Natinesthani had realized that when the Gods were preparing the log for him they had also done something to the turkey, but what it was he did not know. However, he turned to the turkey and said,

‘Can you do anything to help me make a farm here?’

The turkey ran a little way to the east and shook its wings from which dropped four grains of white corn; then it ran to the south and dropped blue corn; to the west it shook out four grains of yellow corn, and to the north four grains of many-colored corn. Then it ran toward its master and shook its wings four times, each time shaking out four seeds. The first time it dropped pumpkin seeds, the second time watermelon seeds, the third time muskmelon seeds, and the fourth time beans.

‘Thanks, my pet,’ said Natinesthani. ‘I thought you had something for me.’

When He-Who-Teaches-Himself had finished planting his farm, he went to the

west among the foothills and camped there. But he felt uneasy during the night, fearing that some one else might claim the land, and determined to explore the countryside to see if he had any neighbors.

Next day he walked in a circle sunwise around the valley, and this he did for four days in succession making a wider circle each day; but he saw no people and no sign of human life.

‘It is a good place for a farm,’ he said to himself. ‘No one claims the land before me.’

On the fourth night as he sat by the fire after his long day’s walk around the valley, he was astonished to see a faint gleam half way up the side of the mountains in the east. Next day, leaving his turkey at home, he went off to search the mountain side, but though he hunted well, he saw no signs of human life. When he came home he told all his adventures to his turkey and said,

‘It must have been a great glowworm that I saw.’

But in the evening when he looked again toward the eastern mountain he saw the gleam as he had seen it the night before. This time he set a forked stick in the ground, got down on his hands and knees, and sighted at the fire through the fork.

On the following morning he placed himself in the same position he had taken the previous night — putting his hands and knees in the same tracks — and sighted through the forked stick. He found his sight directed to a spot which he had already explored well.

Once more his search was unsuccessful, and yet, that evening after dark, he saw the distant flame again. This time he set a second forked stick in the ground and laid between the forks a long straight stick, which he aimed at the fire as he would an arrow.

When morning came he noted with great care the particular spot to which the stick pointed, and set out to find the fire. But before he left he said to his turkey,

‘I go once more to seek the fire, but it is the last time. If I do not find it to-day, I shall never try again. Stay here till I return.’

While he spoke, the turkey turned its back on him and showed that it was very angry.

Natinesthani went to the place on the eastern mountain to which the stick pointed, and there he found a deep shelf in the rocks which he had not noticed before. He climbed up and discovered two fine huts which he thought must belong to wealthy people.

He-Who-Teaches-Himself felt ashamed of his ragged bark blanket, his shirt of wood-rat skins, his worn grass sandals, and his poor bow and arrows; so he took these off, and laid them in the fork of a juniper tree. Keeping only his breech-cloth of wood-rat skins, his belt, tobacco-pouch, and pipe, he approached one of the houses.

Pushing aside the curtain he saw, sitting inside, a young woman making a fine buck-

skin shirt which she was decorating with fringes and shells. Being ashamed of his appearance Natinesthani hung his head, looking at her from under his eyebrows.

‘Where are the men?’ he asked as he sat on the ground.

‘My father and mother are in the other hut,’ replied the young woman.

Just as Natinesthani had made up his mind to go to the other lodge, the father entered carrying the Navaho’s poor rags.

‘Why did you not bring in my son-in-law’s goods?’ said the old man to his daughter as he laid the ragged bundle in a conspicuous place on top of a pile of fine fabrics. Natinesthani hung his head in shame and blushed, while the young woman looked sideways and smiled.

‘Why haven’t you spread a skin for my son-in-law to sit on?’ asked the old man of his daughter, and taking a Rocky Mountain sheepskin and a deerskin finer than the Navaho had ever seen before, he spread

them on the floor beside the young woman, saying, 'Why do you not sit on the skins?'

Natinesthani started to rise and take the proffered seat, but sank back again in shame. When he was invited a second time, he arose and sat down beside the young woman.

The old man placed another skin beside the Navaho, sat on it, and tapping the visitor on the knee to attract his attention, said, 'I long for a smoke. Fill your pipe with tobacco, and let me smoke it.'

'I am poor,' answered the Navaho. 'I belong to the people of the earth, and I have nothing.'

'I thought the people of the earth had plenty of tobacco,' said the old man.

The young man drew a mixture of native wild tobacco and four other plants from his pouch, which was adorned with pictures of the sun and the moon. His pipe was made of clay collected from a place where a wood-rat had torn the ground.

He filled the pipe with this mixture, lighted it, sucked four times till it was kindled, and handed it to the old man. When the latter had finished smoking, he began to perspire violently and soon fell into a swoon. The young woman thought that her father must be dead or dying, and ran to tell her mother.

The mother gave her daughter many valuable things and said, 'Give these to my son-in-law and tell him that they shall all be his, if he will restore your father to life.'

When the daughter returned to the lodge where her father lay, she said to the Navaho, 'Here are presents for you. Treat my father. Surely you know what is good for him.'

They laid the old man out on his side in the middle of the floor. The Navaho, who had in his pouch a medicine consisting of many strange ingredients, put some of this into a pipe. He lighted it with sunbeams, puffed

the smoke to the earth, to the sky, to the earth, and to the sky again, and puffed it at the patient from the east, the south, the west, and the north.

When this had been done, the patient began to show signs of life; his eyelids twitched, his limbs jerked, and his body shook. Natinesthani directed the young woman to soak some of the medicine in an earthen bowl. When it was thoroughly wet he rubbed it on the body of his patient.

‘My son-in-law, my nephew,’ said the old man when he came to his senses once more, ‘refill the pipe. I like your tobacco.’

The Navaho refused and the old man continued to beg. Four times he pleaded, and three times he was denied. But the fourth time Natinesthani refilled the pipe, lit it as before, and gave it to him.

Again the old man fell into a swoon, and again he was revived by the Navaho. Four times in all the old man smoked. When he recovered consciousness for the fourth time,

he loudly praised the Navaho's tobacco, and declared that he had never felt happier while smoking.

Then he turned to the Navaho and said, 'Now you must try my tobacco.'

After he had gone to fetch his tobacco-pouch, Wind whispered in the Navaho's ear, 'His tobacco will surely kill you. It is not like your tobacco. Those who smoke it never wake again.'

Presently the old man returned with a pouch that had pictures of the sun and the moon on it, and a large pipe, much larger than that of the Navaho, decorated with figures of deer, antelope, elk, and Rocky Mountain sheep. The old man filled his pipe, lighted it, puffed the smoke twice to the earth and the sky, and handed the pipe to Natinesthani.

'My customs differ from yours,' said the young man. 'I allow no one to fill my pipe for me. You ask a stranger for a smoke. I ask no man. I pick my own tobacco. Other

people's tobacco makes me ill; that is why I do not use it.'

While all this was going on the Navaho had not noticed how the day was passing; but now he became aware that it was late in the afternoon, and that the sun was about to set.

'It is late,' he said. 'I must hasten away.'

'No, my son-in-law; do not leave us,' begged the old man. 'Sleep here to-night.' And he ordered his daughter to make a bed for the stranger.

She spread on the floor fine robes of otter and beaver, and Natinesthani slept there that night.

Early in the morning the old man entered the lodge and said to his guest, 'I and my daughter were so busy yesterday with all that you did to me, and all the cures you wrought on me, that we had no time to cook or eat; neither had you. She has gone now to prepare food. Stay and eat with us.'

Presently the young woman returned,

bringing a dish of stewed venison and a mush made of wild seeds. At the point where the coil of the basket ended, the old man had placed poison.

She presented the basket to the stranger with the point of finish toward him as her father had told her, saying,

‘When a stranger visits us we always expect him to eat from the part of the basket where it is finished.’

As he took the basket Wind whispered to him, ‘Do not eat from that side of the basket; death is there, but there is no death in the venison.’

The young man turned the basket and began to eat from the opposite side, saying, ‘It is my custom to eat from the edge opposite to the point of finish.’

When he had done she took the dishes to the other lodge.

‘From which side of the basket did my son-in-law eat?’ asked the old man.

‘From the wrong side,’ answered his

daughter. 'He said it was his custom never to eat from the side where the basket is finished.'

Her father was surprised. When a visitor came to him he always tried his poisoned tobacco first; if that failed he tried the poison basket next, for he was a man-eater and a wizard and sought to destroy all who came to him.

That morning the Navaho and the wizard's daughter were married. A little later in the forenoon the young woman came to her father, saying, 'My husband says that he wants to go home now.'

'Tell him that it is not the custom for a man to go home directly after his marriage,' her father replied. 'He should remain four days at least.'

The young woman brought this message back to the Navaho, and he slept that night in the lodge.

Next morning the young woman rose early, and went to the other lodge. Soon

after she had gone the old man entered and said to Natinesthani, 'Do not leave until you have eaten. My daughter is preparing food for you.'

After a little while the young woman entered, bearing as before a dish of stewed venison and a basketful of mush, which she handed to the Navaho.

'There is poison all round the edge of the basket this time,' Wind whispered. 'There is none in the venison.'

The Navaho ate some of the stew, but when he took the basket of mush he ate only from the middle, saying, 'When I eat just as the sun is about to come up, it is my custom to eat only from the middle of the basket.' The sun was about to rise as he spoke.

The third morning the same thing happened. The woman rose early, and while she was gone the old man came into the lodge, saying, 'The women are cooking food for you. Do not go until you have eaten.'

When the food was brought in, Wind

again whispered to the Navaho, 'Poison is mixed all through the mush. Take none of it.'

Natinesthani ate heartily of the stew and when he was done, said, 'I may eat no mush to-day. The sun is already risen, and I have sworn that the sun shall never see me eat mush.'

When she went back to her father, he asked, 'How did my son-in-law eat this morning?'

'He would not touch the mush.'

'Ahahaha,' said the old man in a suspicious voice, but he said no more.

On the fourth morning when the young woman brought the venison stew and the basket of mush, Wind whispered, 'All the food is poisoned this morning.'

As the food was handed to the young man he said, 'I do not eat at all to-day. It is my custom to eat nothing one day out of every four. This is the day that I must fast.'

When she took the food back to the other

lodge, her father inquired, 'What did my son-in-law eat this morning?'

'He ate nothing,' she answered.

The old man was lying down when he spoke, but he rose when she answered him, and carefully examined the food she had brought back.

'Truly, nothing has been touched,' he said. 'This must be a strange man who eats nothing. My daughter, have you told him anything he should not know?'

'I have told him nothing,' she replied.

When the young woman came back from her father's lodge, the Navaho said to her: 'I have a hut and a farm and a pet not far from here; I must go home to-day and see them.'

'It is well,' she answered. 'You may go.'

THE JOURNEY TO THE MAGIC FARMS

WHEN Natinesthani returned to his farm he could not find his turkey anywhere, but he discovered its footprints. He followed these

tracks to the base of a mountain which stood north of the hut.

‘I shall find my pet somewhere around the mountain,’ said the Navaho to himself.

It took him four days to reach the top of the mountain, and there he found many turkey tracks, but no turkey. At last, looking more carefully at the marks, he discovered that the turkey had flown away apparently toward the east.

He-Who-Teaches-Himself sat down and wept.

‘Dear pet,’ he said, ‘would that I had taken you with me when I set out on my journey. Had I done so I should not have lost you. You were the black cloud; you were the black mist; you were the beautiful thunder rain; you were the gentle rain; you were the lightning; you were the beautiful rainbow; you were the beautiful white corn; the yellow corn, the corn of all colors, and the beautiful bean. Though lost to me, you shall be of use to men upon the earth in days to

come. They shall use your feathers and your beard in their rites.'

The Navaho never saw his pet again; it had flown to the east, and from it the tame turkeys of the white man are descended. But all the useful and beautiful things can still be seen in the turkey. The colors of all the different kinds of corn are in its feathers. The black of the black mist, and the black cloud; the flash of the lightning and the gleam of the rainbow are in its plumes. The rain is in its beard, and the bean it carries on its forehead.

He-Who-Teaches-Himself dried his tears, descended the mountain, sought his old hut, which was only a poor shelter of brush, and then went to visit his farm. He found the corn with ears already formed, and all the other plants nearly ripe. He pulled one ear from the stalk of each one of the four different kinds of corn, and wrapping them in his mantle of wood-rat skins, returned to his wife. She saw him coming and met him at the door, taking his weapons.

‘What is this?’ she asked pointing to the bundle.

‘That is what we call corn,’ he replied. ‘This is white corn; this is blue corn; this is yellow corn, and this is corn of all colors.’

‘And what do your people do with it?’ she asked.

‘They eat it.’

She took the four ears and carried them to the other lodge to show her parents. Both were astonished and alarmed. They asked her questions about the corn, such as she had asked her husband, and she answered them as he had answered her.

That night, when they were alone together, she asked him where he got the corn.

‘I found it,’ he said.

‘Did you dig it out of the ground?’ she asked.

‘No, I picked it,’ was his answer.

Not believing him, she continued to question him until at last he told her.

‘I plant these things and they grow where I plant them. Do you wish to see my field?’

‘Yes, if my father will let me,’ his wife replied.

Next morning when breakfast was over, the Navaho said, ‘Dress yourself for the journey, and as soon as you are ready I shall take you to my farm.’

She dressed herself for travel and went to the lodge of her parents, where she said, ‘I go with my husband now.’

‘It is well,’ they answered. ‘Go with him.’

The Navaho and his wife set out together. When they came to a little hill from which they could first see the farm, they beheld the sun shining on it; yet rain was falling at the same time, and in the sky was a dark cloud spanned by a rainbow. Blue birds and yellow birds were singing in the corn after the rain, and all was very beautiful. When they reached the field, they walked four times around it sunwise, and as they went

he described everything to his wife, who was pleased and astonished and asked many questions.

When they returned, the old people asked their daughter about the farm — what it looked like, and what grew there. She told them of all that she had seen and heard; of her distant view of the beautiful farm under the rain; of her near view of it — the great leaves, the white blossoms of the bean, the yellow blossoms of the squash, the tassel of the corn, the silk of the corn, the pollen of the corn, and of all the other beautiful things that she had seen.

When she had done, the old man said, ‘I thank you, my daughter, for bringing me such a son-in-law. I have traveled far, but I have never seen such things as these you tell of. I thought that I was rich, but my son-in-law is richer. In future cook these things with care, in the way my son-in-law shows you. Now, my daughter, we must show him our farm.’

That night she asked the Navaho to tell her his name.

‘I have no name,’ he replied.

Three times he answered her thus. When she asked for the fourth time, he told her.

‘I have two names,’ he said. ‘I am called He-Who-Teaches-Himself, and He-Who-Floats. Now that I have told you my names, you must tell me your father’s name.’

‘He is called Deer Raiser,’ answered his wife. ‘I am Deer Raiser’s Daughter, and my mother is She Deer Raiser.’

The following morning after breakfast she said to her husband, ‘My father has told me that, as you have shown me your farm, I may now show you his farm. If you wish to go there, you must first bathe your body in yucca suds and then rinse yourself in pure water.’

After he had taken his bath he picked up his old sandals and was about to put them on when she stopped him, saying, ‘No. You wore your own clothes when you went

to your own farm. You must wear our clothes when you come to our farm.'

She gave him embroidered moccasins; fringed buckskin leggings; a buckskin shirt dyed yellow, beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills, and fringed with strips of otter-skin; and a headdress adorned with artificial ears.

Dressed in these fine garments he set out with his wife toward the southeast. As they were passing the other hut, Deer Raiser's Daughter bade him wait outside while she went in to get a wand of turquoise.

After this they went a short distance to the top of a small hill, where a large smooth stone, adorned with turquoise, projected from the ground like the stopper of a water-jar. She touched this rock with her wand in four different directions, east, west, south, and north, and it sprang up out of the ground. Then she touched it in an upward direction, and it lay over on its side, revealing a hole which led to a flight of four stone steps.

Deer Raiser's Daughter entered the hole and beckoned him to follow. When they had descended the steps they found themselves in a square apartment which had four doors of rock crystal, one on every side, with a rainbow over each. She struck the eastern door with her wand, and it flew open disclosing a vast and beautiful country, like this world, but much more beautiful. How vast it was the Navaho did not know, for he could not see the end of it.

The land was filled with deer and covered with beautiful flowers; the air was filled with the odor of pollen and fragrant blossoms. Birds of the most glorious plumage were flying about, perching on the flowers, and building nests in the antlers of the deer. In the distance a light shower of rain was falling, and rainbows shone in every direction.

'So this is my father-in-law's farm,' said the Navaho. 'It is beautiful, but in truth it is no farm, for I see nothing planted here.'

She took him into three other apartments.

They were all as beautiful as the first, but contained different animals. In the apartment to the south there were antelope; to the west, Rocky Mountain sheep; and to the north, elk.

When they closed the last door and came out, they found Deer Raiser.

‘Has my son-in-law been into all the rooms and seen all the game?’ he asked.

‘I have seen all,’ replied Natinesthani.

‘What do you think of it?’ asked the old man.

‘I thank you,’ answered He-Who-Teaches-Himself. ‘I am glad that I have seen your farm and your pets. Such things I never saw before.’

DEER RAISER AND THE BEARS

ONCE more Deer Raiser began to plot the death of his son-in-law. He found that he could not poison him, so he determined to try another plan. In a neighboring cañon to which there was but one entrance, he

kept four fierce bears. While the Navaho remained at home with his wife, the old man took the hoofs of a deer and with them made tracks leading into the bears' cañon.

The following morning, while his daughter was cooking, Deer Raiser came in to the Navaho and said, 'My son-in-law, four of my deer have escaped from the farm, and I have tracked them to a cañon near by. As soon as you have eaten I want you to help me hunt them.'

When they were about to start on this hunt, Wind whispered to the Navaho, 'Do not enter the cañon.'

They walked along the valley, following the tracks, until they came to the rugged cliffs that marked the entrance to the cañon.

'When my deer escape, this is where they usually come,' said Deer Raiser. 'I shall stop here to shoot the deer. Go in and drive them out for me.'

'No,' answered He-Who-Teaches-Himself. 'I fear the deer will pass me.'

At last the old man, seeing that his companion was obdurate, said, 'Stay here, then, but do not let the deer escape you, and do not climb round the hillside lest they see you,' and he went into the cañon.

In spite of all the warnings he had received, Natinesthani climbed a rocky hill from which he could watch and be out of danger. After waiting a while in silence he heard a distant cry like that of a wolf, and became aware that something was moving toward him through the brush. Soon he saw four bears walking down the cañon. The old man had probably told them that there was some one for them to kill, for they advanced with hair bristling, snouts up, and teeth bared.

As they passed, Natinesthani drew arrow after arrow and slew them all. Shortly afterwards the old man was heard crying out in the distance, 'Oh, my bears! Save a piece for me! Save a piece for me!'

A little later Deer Raiser came in sight

running and panting. He was surprised and angry to see the Navaho still alive, but tried to pretend that it was for another reason.

‘I should have been here,’ he cried angrily. ‘You have let them run by.’

‘Oh, no,’ said the Navaho. ‘I have not let them run by. I have killed them all. Look over there and you will see them.’

The old man looked as he was told, and was struck dumb with astonishment and sorrow. He sat down in silence, his head bowed, and gazed at the bodies of his dead bears.

‘Why did you shoot them?’ he asked at last. ‘Why did you not shoot the deer? Now you must skin them.’

‘You never drove any deer to me,’ said the Navaho. ‘These are what you drove. I have killed the game, and now you must do the skinning.’

‘Help me to skin them,’ said Deer Raiser.

‘No,’ replied the Navaho. ‘I never skin the game I kill myself. You must do it.’

‘Well,’ said the old man, ‘if you will not

help me, go back to the house and tell my daughter to come and assist me. Go back by the way we came.'

Natimesthani set out as Deer Raiser directed. When he was out of sight, the old man rushed home by a short cut. He hastily dressed himself in the skin of a serpent, and, going to the trail his son-in-law would take, lay in ambush behind a log at a place where the path led through a narrow defile.

As the Navaho approached, Wind whispered, 'Your father-in-law awaits you behind that log.'

The Navaho peered over the log before he got too close, and saw Deer Raiser in his snakeskin suit, swaying uneasily back and forth. When Deer Raiser saw the young man look in his direction, he crouched low.

'What are you doing there?' called the Navaho in a way which let Deer Raiser know that he was recognized, and he drew an arrow on the wizard.

‘Stop, stop!’ cried the latter. ‘I only came to meet you and hurry you up.’

‘Why have you not come from behind?’ asked the Navaho. ‘How is it that you are before me? Why are you hidden beside the path?’ And he continued on his way and went to his wife’s hut.

The morning after the bears were killed, the young woman went out as usual, and the old man entered during her absence.

‘I wish you would go out with me to-day and help me fight my enemies,’ he said to Natinesthani. ‘They live not far from here and I sometimes meet them in battle.’

‘I will go with you,’ said the Navaho. ‘I have been hoping for a long time that some one would say something like this to me.’

They went from the lodge to a mountain, edged on two sides by steep cliffs which no man could climb. The old man said that his enemies lived at the top in a valley shaped like a bowl. He stationed his son-in-law on one side of this valley where there were no

cliffs, and went to the opposite side to drive the enemy. Then Deer Raiser went around the mountain and cried four times in imitation of a wolf. But instead of going to the Navaho's help, as he had promised, he ran around the base of the hill and got behind him.

Soon after the old man gave his cry, Natinesthani saw twelve ferocious bears coming toward him over the crest of the hill. They were tracking bears such as scent and track a man. These bears were of all the sacred colors — white, blue, yellow, black, and spotted. They attacked the Navaho, but he was armed and well prepared to meet them. He fought the hardest fight he had ever fought, but at length killed them all and suffered no harm himself.

In the meantime the old man ran off in the direction of his home, sure that his son-in-law had been killed this time.

‘I think we shall hear no more of Natinesthani,’ he said to himself.

After killing the bears, the Navaho found the old man's trail and followed it. Presently he came to Deer Raiser, who was sitting on a knoll. The old man could not conceal his astonishment at seeing He-Who-Teaches-Himself still alive.

'When we went out to fight, we promised not to desert one another,' said the young man. 'Why did you run away from me?'

'I am sorry,' answered Deer Raiser. 'I could not find you. What did you do when I left you? Did you kill any of the bears?'

'Yes,' replied Natinesthani. 'I killed all of them.'

'I am glad you killed them all and came away alive, my dear son-in-law,' said the old cheat.

They started to walk home together, but night had fallen by the time they reached a rocky ridge on the way; here they picked out a place to sleep, built a shelter of brushwood, and made a fire.

Before they went to sleep, the old man

said, 'This is a bad place to camp. It is called Ridge-of-the-Burnt-Moccasins. Take good care of your moccasins, my son-in-law. Place them securely.'

'Why does he say these things?' the Navaho asked himself, as he lay awake thinking of the old man's warning. When he heard the latter snoring, he rose softly, took Deer Raiser's moccasins from under his head, put his own in their place, and lay down again to sleep with the wizard's moccasins for a pillow. Later in the night the old man got up, pulled the moccasins from under the young man's head, and buried them in the hot embers. He was anxious to get home next morning before his son-in-law.

At dawn the old man aroused his companion, saying, 'It is time for us to be on our way.'

The young man awoke, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and pretended to look for his moccasins.

‘Where are my moccasins?’ he asked after a while. ‘Have I lost them?’

‘Huh!’ said Deer Raiser. ‘You did not listen to what I told you last night. I said that this was the Ridge-of-the-Burnt-Moccasins.’

In the meantime, on the other side of the fire, the old man was putting on his companion’s moccasins.

‘Look. You are putting on my moccasins instead of your own. Give me my moccasins,’ said the Navaho reaching across the fire.

He took them out of his companion’s hands, and sat down and put them on.

‘Now I must hurry back,’ he said. ‘I can’t see what made you burn your moccasins, but I cannot wait for you.’

THE REFORM OF DEER RAISER

WHEN Deer Raiser visited his son-in-law the following morning he said, ‘I warn you never to stray alone to the east of the lodge

in which you dwell. There is a dangerous place there.'

Then the old man went home, and He-Who-Teaches-Himself pondered all day over what he had said. During the night he made up his mind to disobey his father-in-law.

When Natinesthani had eaten in the morning he dressed himself for a journey, left the lodge, and traveled straight to the east. Presently he came to a steep white ridge, and when he had climbed about half way, he met a little man. His coat, which fitted him skin-tight, was white on the chest and on the insides of the arms, but the rest of it was brown like the skin of a deer. He wore on his head a deer mask with horns, such as deer hunters use, and he carried a turquoise wand, a black bow with sinew on the back, and two arrows with feathers of eagle-tail. The stranger, who had a pale face, looked out from under his mask and said, 'Whence come you, my grandchild?'

'I come, my grandfather, from a place

near here,' answered the Navaho. 'I come from the house of Deer Raiser.'

'I have heard of you, my grandchild. There are people living behind the ridge which you are climbing. You should visit them, and hear what they will have to tell you.'

Natinesthani climbed the ridge, and as soon as he began to descend the other side, observed below him two cone-shaped tents. These tents were white below and yellow above, representing the dawn and the evening light.

Games were being played, and a number of people were looking on.

As he advanced toward the crowd, a man came forward to meet him, saying, 'Go to the lodge in the south. There are many people there.'

So he went to the lodge in the south as he was bidden, and a woman of bright complexion, the wife of the owner of the lodge, came out and invited him to enter.

He-Who-Teaches-Himself entered the lodge and found the owner seated in the center. The latter was a man past middle age, but not very old. He was dressed in a beautiful suit of buckskin embroidered with porcupine quills.

He pointed to a place by his side, and said to the Navaho, 'Sit here, my grandchild.' When the Navaho was seated his host inquired, 'Whence do you come? The people who live on the earth are never seen here.'

'I come from the house of Deer Raiser,' the young man answered.

'Oh! Do you?' questioned the host. 'Do you know that Deer Raiser is a great villain; that he kills his guests; that he talks softly and pretends friendship, and lures people to stay with him until he can quietly kill them? Has he never spoken thus softly to you? How long have you been staying with him?'

'I have dwelt with him for many days,' answered Natinesthani.

‘Ah!’ said his host. ‘Many of our young men have gone over there to woo his daughter, but they have never returned. Some are killed on the first day; some on the second day; others on the third day; and others on the fourth day; but no one has ever lived beyond the fourth day except you.’

‘He seems to be such a man as you describe,’ said Natinesthani. ‘He has been trying to kill me ever since I have been with him.’

‘You must be a wise man to have escaped for so long,’ declared the host. ‘Your prayer and your charm must be very strong.’

‘No, truly, I know no good prayer; I possess no charm,’ replied the Navaho. Then he told how he had come into the country, and all that had happened to him before he came to the house of Deer Raiser.

‘He is rich, but he is bad,’ said the owner of the lodge, and described the four ways by which Deer Raiser killed his guests. The

Navaho remained silent. He knew all the ways of Deer Raiser, but he pretended not to.

Then the host went on: 'The house of Deer Raiser is a place of danger. You will surely be killed if you stay there. I am sorry that you are in such bad company, for you seem to be a good man.'

'You speak of Deer Raiser as a great man, but he cannot be so great as you think,' said the Navaho. 'Four times have I killed him with smoke, and four times have I brought him to life again.' And he related all his adventures since he had been living at the home of Deer Raiser.

The host thanked him for having slain the bears, and went out to bid the players, and all the crowd that stood around them, come to his tent. They came, for he was their chief, and soon the tent was crowded. Then he spoke to the assembly and told them the story of the Navaho.

There was great rejoicing when they heard it, and all thanked Natinesthani for

what he had done. One said that Deer Raiser had killed his brother; another said that he had killed his son; another said that the bears had slain his nephew, and thus they spoke of their many woes.

The chief ordered one of his daughters to prepare food for the visitor, and she brought in deer pemmican. The Navaho ate, and when he was done said: 'I am now ready to go, my grandfather.'

'Wait a while,' answered the chief. 'I have some medicine to give you. It is a remedy for all Deer Raiser's poisons.'

He handed his visitor two kinds of medicine.

'Now have no fear,' said the chief. 'The bears are slain, and here you have medicines that will kill the wizard's poisons. They are also potent against witchcraft.'

When the Navaho went back to the house where his wife was, she said: 'My father has been here inquiring for you. When I told him that you had gone to the east, he was

very angry, and said that he had told you not to go there.'

The old man entered soon and said fiercely: 'Why did you go to the east? I told you not to go there. I told you that it was a bad place.'

Natinesthani made no reply, but acted as if he had seen and heard nothing while he was gone, and in a little while Deer Raiser calmed down and acted as if he wished to be at peace with his son-in-law; but before he left he warned him not to go to the south. All that night Natinesthani pondered over the words of his father-in-law.

Three more times the Navaho made forbidden journeys to the west, south, and north and each time he learned more charms and medicines. When he got home from his fourth journey, his father-in-law came into the lodge and reviled him once more with angry words, but this time the Navaho did not remain silent. He told the old man where he had been, what people he had met,

what stories he had heard, and all that he knew of him. He told him, too, that he now possessed medicines and charms to protect himself.

‘You have killed others,’ said Natines-thani, ‘and you have tried to kill me. I knew it all the time but said nothing. Now I know all of your wickedness.’

‘What you say is true,’ returned the old man, ‘but I shall seek your life no more, and I shall give up all my evil ways. While you were abroad on your journeys you learned powerful rites and medicines and charms. All I ask is that you will treat me with these.’

Having treated his father-in-law as the latter had begged him, Natinesthani returned to his people, and taught them all that he had learnt while he was gone. Then he went back to End-of-the-Water, and he lives there still.

**THE GREAT SHELL OF
BROAD HOUSE**



THE GREAT SHELL OF BROAD HOUSE

THE EAGLE'S NEST

Two young men, one from Broad House and one from Blue House, went out one day to hunt deer. As they were returning about sunset, weary and unsuccessful, they saw a war Eagle soaring overhead and stopped to watch his flight. The Eagle drifted slowly away, growing smaller and smaller until he became only a black speck in the sky.

As the two youths stared after him, he seemed to land on the top of Standing Rock which formed part of a great bluff near the two villages. The boys marked the spot where they had last seen the Eagle by sighting through a forked stick which they stuck in the ground, and went home.

In those days Eagles were very scarce in the land, so that when the young men returned and told the story of their adventure,

it became the subject of much conversation and counsel. At length the people decided to send four men in the morning to sight over the forked stick, and so find out where the Eagle lived.

Next morning early the four men went to the forked stick and sighted over it, and all came to the conclusion that the Eagle lived near the top of Standing Rock. So they climbed the rock, and when they reached the summit saw the Eagle and its young in a cleft of the precipice below them. Here they stayed all day and watched the nest.

At night they went home and told what they had seen: two young Eagles of different ages in the nest. The people decided that the only way to reach them was to lower a man down the precipice by a rope, but unfortunately, directly above the nest was an overhanging ledge which would have to be passed. It was a dangerous undertaking, and no one could be found who was willing to take the chance.

Living near Broad House and Blue House, however, was a miserable Navaho beggar who fed on such scraps as he could pick up. When the sweepings from the rooms and the ashes from the fireplaces were thrown out on the kitchen heap, he would search eagerly among them in the hope of finding a few grains of corn or a piece of paper bread. He was called He-Who-Picks-Up.

When the people returned to the village they sent for this Navaho, and, when he came, bade him be seated. Then they placed before him a large basket of paper bread, bowls of boiled corn and meat, and all sorts of their best food, and told him to eat as much as he could. He ate as he had never eaten before, and after a long time announced to his hosts that he was satisfied.

‘You shall eat,’ they said, ‘of such abundance all your life, and never more have to scrape for grains of corn among the dirt, if you will do what we want.’

Then they told him of their plan for catch-

ing the young Eagles, and asked him if he would be willing to be lowered in a basket to the nest. The Navaho thought awhile and was silent. Again they asked him while he sat in silence.

The fourth time he answered, 'I lead a poor life at best. Life is not sweet to a man who is always hungry. It would be pleasant to eat such food as this for the rest of my days, and some time or other I must die. I shall do as you wish.'

The next morning they gave him another good meal. While he ate, they made a great carrying-basket, and tied a strong rope to each of its four corners. Then a large crowd having collected, all set out for Standing Rock. When the party arrived at the top of the rock, they tied another stout rope to the four corner ropes on the basket.

After the Navaho had been told to take the eaglets out of the nest and drop them to the bottom of the cliff, he entered the basket and was lowered over the precipice. The

people let the rope out slowly until he was on a level with the birds, and he was just about to grasp the little Eagles when Wind whispered to him,

‘These people of the village are not your friends. They do not wish to feed you with good things as long as you live. If you throw these young Eagles down, as they bid you, they will never pull you up again. Get into the Eagle’s nest and stay there.’

When the Navaho heard this he called to those above, ‘Swing the basket a little so that it will come closer to the cliff. I cannot reach the nest unless you do.’ So they swung him back and forth. When the basket touched the cliff, the Navaho seized the rock and climbed into the nest, leaving the empty basket swinging in the air.

The village people saw the empty basket and waited, expecting to see the Navaho get back into it. But when they had waited a long time and he did not return, they began to call to him as if he were a dear relation of theirs.

‘My son,’ said the old men, ‘throw down those little Eagles.’

‘My elder brother! My younger brother!’ the young men shouted, ‘throw down those little Eagles.’

They kept up their clamor until nearly sunset, but they did not change the will of the Navaho who sat in the cleft and never answered them. When the sun set they ceased calling and went home.

Early the next morning the people of the village gathered in a great crowd at the foot of the cliff. They stayed there all day repeating their promises, calling the Navaho by endearing names, and showing him all kinds of tempting food; but he neither heeded them nor spoke.

On the third day they came early again, but this time they came in anger. They no longer called him endearing names; they no longer made fine promises; instead, they shot fire arrows at the eyrie hoping that they would burn the Navaho out, or set fire

to the nest and compel him to throw it and the eaglets down. But he remained watchful and active, and whenever a fire arrow lit in the eyrie he seized it and threw it out. Then the people abused the Navaho and reviled him and called him bad names.

On the fourth day they came and acted as they had the day before, but did not succeed in making him throw down the little eaglets.

Then he spoke to the birds, 'Can't you help me?'

They rose in the nest and shook their wings, and threw out many little feathers which fell on the people below. The Navaho thought they must be scattering sickness over his tormentors, who left at sunset saying, 'We shall leave you where you are to die of hunger and thirst.'

For two days they had coaxed and flattered him, for two days they had cursed and reviled him; at the end of the fourth day they left him in the nest to die.

When his enemies had gone, the Navaho

sat hungry and thirsty, weak and despairing, till night fell. Soon after dark he heard a great rushing noise which came toward one side of the nest, roared a moment in front, and then grew faint in the distance on the other side. Four times the sound came and went, growing louder each time; and at last the father of the little Eagles lit on the eyrie.

Again the sounds were repeated, and this time the mother of the Eagles alighted.

Turning at once to the Navaho she said, 'Greeting, my child! Thanks, my child! You have not thrown down your younger brothers.' The father of the Eagles repeated the same words. Later he named the Navaho, Chief of all the Eagles in the Sky.

But He-Who-Picks-Up only replied to them, 'I am hungry. I am thirsty.'

At this the father of the Eagles opened his sash and took out a small white cotton cloth which contained a little meal, and a small bowl of white shell no bigger than the palm of the hand.

When the Indian saw this he cried, 'Give me water, for I am dying of thirst.'

'No,' replied the Eagle. 'Eat first and then you shall have something to drink.'

So saying, the Eagle drew from among his tail-feathers a small plant which had many joints all filled with water. He mixed a little of the water with some of the meal in the shell and handed the mixture to the Navaho.

The latter ate and ate until he was satisfied, but he could not eat all the contents of the shell. When he had done there was as much in the shell vessel as there had been when he started. He handed it back to the Eagle who emptied it with one sweep of the finger. Then the Eagle put the jointed plant to the Navaho's lips as if it were a wicker bottle, and the Navaho drank his fill.

On the previous nights He-Who-Picks-Up, while lying in the nest, had slept between the eaglets to keep himself warm and sheltered from the wind, but this night the great Eagles slept one on each side of him.

Before they lay down to sleep they took off their robes of plumes, a single garment which opened in front, and showed that they had bodies like human beings.

The Navaho slept well and did not waken until he heard a voice calling from the top of the cliff, 'Where are you? Day has dawned. It is growing late. Why are you not abroad?' At the sound of this voice the Eagles awoke and put on their robes of plumage. Presently a great number of birds were to be seen flying before the nest, and others were heard calling to one another on the rock overhead. There were many kinds of Eagles and Hawks among them.

One of the Eagles brought a dress of eagle-feathers and was about to put it on the Navaho when the others interfered, and they had a long argument as to whether they should dress him as an Eagle or not. At length they all flew away without giving him the dress.

When they returned they had devised

another plan for taking him out of the cyrie. Laying him on his face they put a streak of crooked lightning under his feet, a sunbeam under his knees, a strip of straight lightning under his chest, another under his outstretched arms, and a rainbow under his forehead. An Eagle seized each end of these supports, and all flew with the Navaho and the eaglets away from the cyrie.

They circled round twice with their burden before they reached the top of the cliff. They circled round twice more going upwards, and then flew toward the south still ascending. When they got above the top of the mountain they circled four times more until they almost touched the sky. Then they began to tire, and breathed hard, and cried out, 'We are weary. We can fly no farther.'

The voice of one unseen by the Navaho cried from above, 'Let go your burden.'

The Eagles released their hold on the supports, and the Navaho felt himself falling

rapidly toward the earth. But he had not fallen far when he felt himself seized around the waist and chest, and felt something twining itself about his body. A moment later he saw the heads of two Arrow Snakes looking at him over his shoulders.

The Arrow Snakes bore him swiftly upward through a hole in the sky, and landed him safely on the surface of the upper world.

BUMBLE BEES AND TUMBLE WEEDS

WHEN the Navaho looked about him he saw four villages; a white village in the east, a blue village in the south, a yellow village in the west, and a black village in the north. Great Wolf was chief of the east, Blue Fox of the south, Puma of the west, and Big Snake of the north.

He-Who-Picks-Up was left at liberty to go where he chose, but Wind whispered in his ear and said, 'Visit all the villages if you wish, except that of the north. Chicken Hawk and a lot of bad characters live there.'

The next thing the Navaho noticed was a war party assembling, and soon after his arrival the warriors went forth; but what enemies they sought he was unable to find out. He entered several of the houses, was well treated wherever he went, and given an abundance of paper bread and other good food to eat.

He saw that in their homes the Eagles were just like ordinary people down in the lower world. As soon as they entered their houses they took off their feather robes, hung them up on pegs and poles, and went round in the white suits which they wore underneath their feathers when in flight. That day he visited all the villages except the black one in the north.

In the evening the warriors returned: they were received with loud wailing and with tears, for many who went out in the morning did not come back at night.

A few days later another war party was organized, and this time the Navaho de-

terminated to go with it. When the warriors started on the trail, he followed them.

‘Where are you going?’ they asked.

‘I wish to be one of your party.’

They laughed at him and said, ‘You are a fool to think you can go to war against such dreadful enemies as we fight. We can move as fast as the wind, yet our enemies can move faster. If they are able to overcome us, what chance have you, poor man, for your life?’

Hearing this the Navaho stayed behind, but the Eagles had not traveled very far when he hurried after them. He soon overtook the warriors who spoke to him angrily, and told him more earnestly than before how helpless he was, and how much danger there would be, and bade him return to the village.

Again he halted, but as soon as they were out of sight, he ran after them; this time he caught them where they had encamped for the night. They gave him food, scolded him

again, and sought to dissuade him from going with them.

In the morning when the warriors resumed their march, the Navaho remained behind on the camping ground as if he intended to return; but as soon as they were out of sight, he continued to follow them. He had not traveled far when he noticed smoke coming out of the ground, and, going toward it, saw a smoke hole out of which stuck a ladder, yellow with age.

He looked down through the hole and beheld in an underground chamber a strange looking old woman with a big mouth. She was Spider Woman. Her teeth were not set in her head evenly like those of an Indian, but jutted from her mouth, and were curved like the claws of a bear. Spider Woman invited him into her house, so he climbed down the ladder.

When he got inside, Spider Woman showed him four large wooden hoops, one in the east colored black, one in the south

blue, one in the west yellow, and one in the north white and sparkling. Attached to each hoop were a number of ragged and decayed feathers.

‘These feathers,’ she said, ‘were once beautiful plumes, but now they are old and dirty. I want some new ones for my hoops, and you can get them for me. Many of the Eagles will be killed in the battle to which you are going, and you can pluck out their plumes and bring them to me. Have no fear of the enemy. Would you like to know whom the Eagles are going to fight? They are only the Bumble Bees and the Tumble Weeds.’

She gave him a long black cane and said, ‘With this you can gather the Tumble Weeds into a pile and then you can burn them. Spit the juice of scare-weed at the Bumble Bees and they cannot sting you. But before you burn up the Tumble Weeds, gather some of the seeds, and when you have killed the bees, take some of their nests. You will need these things when you return to the earth.’

When Spider Woman had done speaking, the Navaho continued his journey. He soon came up to the warriors who were hiding behind a hill and preparing for battle. Some were putting on their plumes; others were painting and decorating themselves. From time to time one of their number would creep cautiously to the top of the hill and peep over, then he would run back and whisper, 'There are the enemy. They await us.'

The Navaho went to the top of the hill and peered over, but he could see no enemies whatever. He saw only a dry sandy flat, covered in one place with sunflowers and in another place with dead weeds, for it was now late autumn in the world above.

When the Eagles were all ready for the fray, they raised their war cry and charged into the sandy plain. The Navaho remained behind the hill, peeping over to see what would happen. As the warriors advanced, a little whirlwind whipped up the dust on the

plain, and a great number of Tumble Weeds rose and surged madly round in the air; at the same time a cloud of Bumble Bees gathered from among the sunflowers.

The Eagles charged through the ranks of their enemies, and, when they had passed to the other side, turned round and charged back again. Some spread their wings and soared aloft to attack the Tumble Weeds that had gone up with the whirlwind. From time to time the Navaho noticed the dark body of an Eagle falling down through the air.

When the combat had continued for some time, He-Who-Picks-Up saw a few of the Eagles running toward the hill where he lay watching. In a moment more came running toward him; and soon after the whole party of Eagles rushed past him in disorder, leaving many slain on the field.

Then the wind fell, the Tumble Weeds lay quiet on the sand, and the Bumble Bees disappeared among the sunflowers.

When all was still, the Navaho walked down to the sandy flat, and having gathered some of the seeds of the Tumble Weeds he tied them up in a corner of his shirt; then he collected the Tumble Weeds together with his black wand. When they were all gathered, he took a fire-drill, and starting a flame, burnt the whole pile.

Then he gathered some scare-weed, as Spider Woman had told him, chewed it, and went among the sunflowers. Here the bees gathered round him in a great swarm and sought to sting him, but he spat the juice of scare-weed at them, and soon most of them lay helpless on the ground while the others fled in fear.

Next he dug some of their nests and honey out of the ground; he also caught a couple of young bees and tied their feet together. All these things he wrapped in a corner of his blanket.

Having conquered the bees he did not forget the wishes of his friend Spider Woman,

but went around among the dead Eagles and plucked as many plumes as he could grasp in both hands.

After this he set out on his return journey, and soon got back to the house of Spider Woman, to whom he gave the plumes.

‘Thank you, grandchild,’ she said. ‘You have brought me the plumes that I have long wanted, and you have done a great service to your friends the Eagles, because you have slain their enemies.’

He left Spider Woman shortly and continued on his way. He slept that night on the trail and the next morning got back to the town of the Eagles. As he approached he heard from afar the sound of mourners, and when he drew near the village, the people gathered around him and said:

‘We have lost many of our kinsmen and we are wailing for them, but we have also been mourning for you, for those who returned told us that you had been killed in the fight.’

He made no reply but took from his blanket the two young Bumble Bees and swung them round his head. All the people were terrified and ran, and they did not stop running till they got safely behind their houses.

In a little while they recovered from their fear, and crowded round the Navaho again. A second time he swung the bees around his head, and a second time the people ran away in terror; but this time they only went as far as the front walls of their houses. The third time they were still less frightened, and the fourth time only stepped back a pace or two.

When they were afraid no longer, he laid the bees on the ground and took out the seeds of the Tumble Weeds and laid them beside the bees.

Then he said to the Eagle People, 'My friends, here are the children of your enemies; having seen these you may know that I have slain the enemy.'

There was great rejoicing among the people when they heard this. Great Wolf, chief of the white village, gave the Navaho presents, and the chiefs of all the other villages did likewise.

The following morning He-Who-Picks-Up went over to the sky hole taking with him the young bees and the seeds of the Tumble Weeds. To the former he said, 'Go down to the land of the Navahoes and multiply there. My people will make use of you in the days to come, but if ever you cause them sorrow and trouble such as you have caused the people of this land, I shall come again and destroy you.' As he spoke he flung them down to earth.

Then taking the seeds of the Tumble Weeds in his hands, he spoke to them as he had spoken to the bees, and flung them down through the sky hole. To this day the honey of the bees and the seeds of the Tumble Weed are still used among the Navahoes.

The Navaho remained in the village of the

Eagle People twenty-four days, during which he was taught their songs, prayers, and ceremonies. When he had learned all, the people told him that it was time to return to the earth from which he had come.

They put on him a robe of eagle plumage such as they wore themselves, led him to the sky hole, and said to him, 'When you came up from the lower world you were heavy and had to be carried by others. Henceforth you will be light and can move through the air with your own power.'

He spread his wings to show that he was ready; the Eagles blew a powerful breath after him, and he went down through the sky hole, and soared on outstretched wings to the summit of Tongue Mountain.

THE NAVAHO'S REVENGE

HE-WHO-PICKS-UP went back to his own relations among the Navahoes, but when he arrived at home everything about the lodge smelt badly, so he left it and sat outside.

Then they built for him a medicine lodge where he could sit by himself.

They bathed his younger brother, clothed him in new clothes, and sent him into the lodge to learn what his elder brother could tell him. The brothers spent twelve days together, while the elder told his story and instructed the younger in all the rites and songs learned among the Eagles.

After this the Navaho went to visit the village of Kintyel, Broad House, whose people had been so treacherous; but they did not recognize him, since now he looked sleek and well fed. He was beautifully dressed and handsome in his person, for the Eagles had moulded his face and form in beauty. The village people never thought that this was the poor beggar they had left to die in the Eagle's nest.

When He-Who-Picks-Up looked about, he noticed that many were lame and sore in the village, and the people told him that a new disease had broken out among them. This

was the sickness spread by the feathers of the eaglets upon the villagers who had attacked their nest.

‘I have a brother who is a great medicine man,’ the Navaho told them. ‘He knows a rite that will cure this disease.’

The people of the village consulted together and decided to employ this brother to conduct the ceremony.

The Navaho said that he himself must be the First Dancer, and that in order to perform the rite properly he should be dressed in a very particular way. He must, he said, have strings of fine beads — shell and turquoise — enough to cover his legs and forearms completely, to go round his neck so that he could not bend his head, and to pass over his shoulders and under his arms on each side. He must have the largest shell basin in either Broad House or Blue House to hang on his back, and the next largest in size to hang on his chest. He must have their longest and best strings of turquoise to hang from his ears.

Wind told him that the greatest shell basin they had was so large that if he tried to put his arms around it, his finger tips would not quite meet on the opposite side, and that this shell he must insist on having. The next largest shell, Wind told him, was but little smaller.

Three days after this conference, people began to gather from the different villages until a great crowd had assembled. In the meantime they had collected shells and beads from the various houses in order to dress the First Dancer as he desired.

They brought him great shell basins and told him that these were what he wanted for the dance, but he measured them with his arms, as Wind had told him, and when he found that his hands joined easily he discarded them. They brought him larger and larger shells, and sought to persuade him that they were the largest, but he rejected them all.

On the last day, very unwillingly, they

brought him the great shell of Broad House and the great shell of Blue House. They were the most valuable things the village people possessed. The Navaho clasped the first in his arms, and his fingers did not meet on the opposite side; he clasped the second in his arms, and his fingers just met.

‘These,’ he said, ‘are the shells I shall wear when I dance.’

On the evening of the last day of the ceremonies they built a great circle of branches, lit the fires, and dressed the First Dancer in all their beads and shells as he had commanded. They put the great shell of Broad House on his back, and the great shell of Blue House on his chest, and another fine shell on his forehead. Then the Navaho began to dance, and his brother, the medicine man, to sing.

The song seemed strange to the village people, and they wondered what it might mean, but they soon found out when they saw the Navaho slowly rising from the

ground. First his head and shoulders appeared above the heads of the crowd, next his chest and waist; but it was not until his whole body had risen above their heads that they began to realize the loss which threatened them.

He was rising to the sky with the great shell of Broad House on his back, and all the wealth of many villages in shell-beads and turquoise on his body. Then they screamed wildly to him, called him all sorts of dear names; father, son, brother, but the more they called the higher he rose. When he had risen above them, they observed that a streak of white lightning passed under his feet like a rope, hanging from a dark cloud that gathered above. It was the Gods who were lifting him, for it is thus the legends say that Gods lift mortals to the sky.

When the villagers found that no persuasion could induce the Navaho to return, some called for ropes that they might seize him and pull him down, but he was soon

beyond the reach of the longest rope. Then a shout was raised for arrows that they might shoot him, but before the arrows could be brought he was lost to sight in the black cloud and was seen never more upon the earth.







